
1926-27



Victoria College Annual

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Year 1926-27

Autographs

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Tom Little

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Autographs

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Hilda Styan

Robert M. Anderson

Harold J. Sims.

Isabelle Pike

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Hilda Marshall

Nancy Bell

Violet Grey

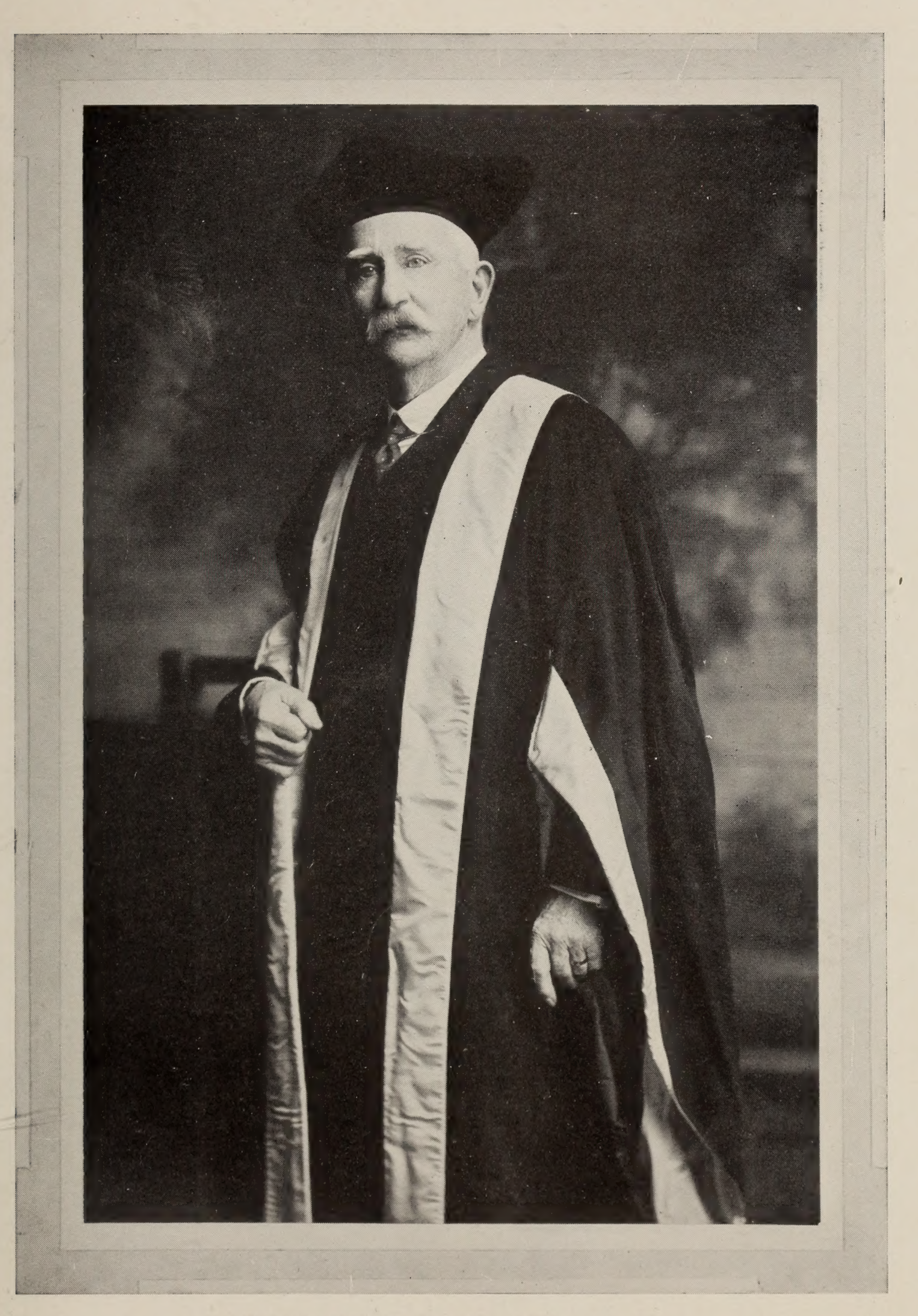
To

Edward B. Paul

M.A., LL.D.

We, the Students of Victoria College
respectfully dedicate
this Annual

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EDWARD B. PAUL, M.A., LL.D.

Foreword

AGAIN it is my honour to preface to the College Annual a few words of appreciation of your conduct and congratulation on your success, both academic and athletic, during the College year just closing. Your conduct during the term has been in every respect satisfactory to my colleagues and myself and reflects great credit not only on the students generally, but especially on the President, Secretary and members of the Students' Council. The duties of President and of Secretary, while very honourable, are not at all times very pleasant; their fellow-students, while no doubt recognizing their justice, must sometimes resent the exercise of authority over them by class fellows of their own standing, but Mr. Shadbolt and Miss Gourlay have performed their duties as President and Secretary with tact and firmness and I am sure will carry away with them at the end of the Session the affection and respect both of the Faculty and of the students.

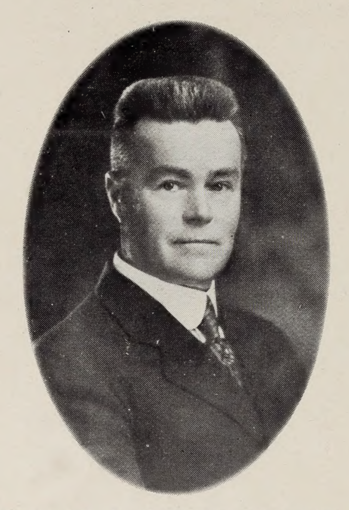
A report of the successes of Victoria College on the athletic field will be found in another column, and I wish to convey my hearty congratulations to all the teams and their captains on the signal success which they have achieved during the last two terms.

In conclusion I take this opportunity of conveying to my colleagues of the Faculty and to the students of the College my sincere appreciation of their uniform courtesy and kindness to myself during the whole period of my association with them, which has rendered my duties as their Principal extremely happy.

EDWARD B. PAUL, Principal.


E. SANDERSON-MONGIN
— FRENCH —
E.B. PAUL - PRINCIPAL
— CLASSICS —
— J. A. CANN —
ENGLISH AND PHILOSOPHY
— E. S. FARR —
HISTORY AND ECONOMICS
H. H. SMITH - REGISTRAR
— P. H. ELLIOTT —
PHYSICS AND CHEMISTRY
J. A. CUNNINGHAM
— BIOLOGY —
MEMBERS
OF THE
FACULTY
— B.S. HARTLEY
MATHEMATICS —

In Memoriam



ERNEST HOWARD RUSSELL

IN the passing of Professor E. H. Russell, Victoria College suffered a heavy loss. Though he had been ill for some time, his death, when it came, was a great shock.

That he taught as long as possible, at times in great pain, and was so anxious about his students, even when he was in hospital, speaks volumes for his singular devotion to duty and his deep interest in those whom he taught.

Since its inception, Victoria College has had in Professor Russell a firm friend, an untiring worker, and a brilliant teacher.

We desire to give this short, but profound tribute of esteem and affection to Professor Russell. To him Victoria College and her students of the past, the present and the future, owe an incalculable debt of gratitude.

Editorial

THE Session of 1926-27 is now drawing to a close and within a few short weeks the realities of today will be memories of the past. In both academic and athletic activities we may say with all modesty that our record is one that will be difficult to emulate. The College play, "Dear Brutus", which, prior to its presentation, was condemned by our cynics and pessimists as being "over bold" and "too venturesome", was, on the contrary, the most successful production in the annals of our Players' Club. Our various teams, too, have been eminently successful both at home and abroad. Numerically we are stronger than ever, there being some two hundred students in attendance at the present time, besides thirty teachers from the city schools who are taking partial courses. To the latter we extend a hearty welcome, thanking them, at the same time, for the generous support that they have given this publication.

The two short years that many of us have spent here have passed all too quickly, and, standing as we are under the shadow of the examinations, we feel that our knowledge is not all that could be desired. However, what are Examinations? An academic emetic, a mere bagatelle. If we have learned to think clearly, to appreciate the beautiful things in life and to love good books, our two years here have not been wasted. To our successors, the Sophomores of 1928, we wish every success, hoping that they will profit by our mistakes and emulate our example.

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We feel that it is fitting here to voice the deep regret of the student body for the loss they have sustained by the death of Professor Howard Russell. Professor Russell was a rare and accomplished scholar, brilliant in both the Arts and the Sciences, a Father of the College and a dear friend of all those who had the privilege of studying under him.

* * * *

We wish to extend a welcome to two new members of the Faculty, Professor Hartley and Mr. H. H. Smith. Professor Hartley has come from our mother university to assume the duties of the late Professor Russell, and Mr. Smith, who, by the way, is an old friend of ours, has undertaken the office of Registrar and Science Instructor.

* * * *

The Editors wish to thank the student body for the generous and spontaneous support they have given us, and especially those whose contributions have made this publication possible. The Editors also wish to take the opportunity of patting themselves on the back. Of course, dear reader, this is editorial bombast, pure and unadulterated, but we are firm in our resolution, for this is our only privilege, so please bear with us. In the first place we have reduced the sale price of this Annual to the moderate sum of one dollar. Secondly, it is a financial success. Thirdly, in its artistic qualities this Annual is unrivalled, and, fourthly, and finally, the literature herein is not only unrivalled, but unpurchasable.

Rainbow Gold

ONCE upon a time there lived in a far-away land a young girl named Penelope. She was not a Princess, nor even a rich Lady, but she greatly would have liked to be, because at this time she was very young and very discontented. She lived in a small house in the country, and her story is so simple that it is, indeed, the story of most of us.

One April day, when the sun and the rain were taking turns at monopolizing the weather, as they usually do in April, Penelope looked across the meadows and saw in the sky a big bright rainbow, with its end lost in a little wood. As she watched it, quite suddenly she remembered that at the end of the rainbow is hidden a pot of gold, "And gold", said Penelope, "would be so very useful just now. Suppose I go and find it." So she put on her hat and coat, and set off across the meadows towards the big bright rainbow, with the soft rain falling all about her and the sun smiling through the clouds. But before she reached the little wood, the wind blew the rain away and the rainbow melted into the blue sky.

"All the same," she said to herself, "it did end there. Perhaps the gold hasn't vanished. I will go on and see." And she went on till she came to the wood and followed down a winding path into the very middle of it.

A flash of gold among the newly-green bushes under a big oak—and there were two little golden-feathered birds very busy loving each other and building their nest together. The sun shone, the wind was fresh and sweet, it was Spring everywhere. Penelope watched the two little birds with feathers of gold, which must surely have belonged to the rainbow, and she said: "After all, there is love in the world. I had almost forgotten that". She lifted up her face to the sunshine, and said, "Perhaps I . . . ." and went home feeling happier.

A long time passed by, in fact, a year and a day, and again between the April sun and rain came the rainbow with its end lost in the little wood. And Penelope, looking out across the meadow, said: "Let us go and look for rainbow gold, Peter". Moreover, she said "us" in the particular way we all say it some time, sooner or later, during our lives.

They walked across the meadows slowly, towards the fading rainbow, in the sun and rain.

"Gold," said Penelope, "would be so very useful just now."

"Gold," replied her companion, as they wandered down the little path into the wood, "of course, is always useful. Still, you know, we have each other."

Penelope didn't exactly hear the last sentence, which had somehow become entangled in her hair, but it wasn't really necessary that she should, besides, just then she noticed the primroses, all fresh-opened and smiling in the sun under the big oak.

"Rainbow gold!" said Peter, and made for her golden coronets of the sweet, rain-wet flowers.

Three times a year and a day, and there were changes in the little wood, for Penelope and Peter had a little house there among the trees. Three times a year and a day, and again the rainbow in the April skies. Penelope, who had been that afternoon consulting with her mother on matters of great household importance, looked out across the meadows from her mother's door, and saw it as before.

"The rainbow ends in the oak tree by your house," said her mother. "Peter must look for the gold."

"There is no gold there," answered Penelope, her voice a little weary. "It is such a small house!" she said. "Goodbye, Mother!"

"Goodbye, child!"

And she took her way across the meadows,—homeward.

"The rainbow was in our big oak, Peter," she said as they met at the gate. "Gold," as they went down the path, "would be so very useful just now."

The sun shone, the wind was fresh and sweet, it was Spring everywhere. "After all," said Penelope, the world is beautiful and life is worth living, even in a small house."

"Gold," mused Peter, "of course is always useful. Still, you know, we have the three of us."

But Penelope was watching a very small Peter journeying carefully across the lawn towards them from behind the big oak.

"We have the gold too," she said as she picked him up in the sunlight.

"Rainbow gold!" said Peter, running his fingers through golden curls.

B. FELTON.

Mao-Tan

"If a man have two loaves,
Let him sell one and buy a lily."
—Chinese Proverb.

In far-off times a Chinese sage,
Bended and broken down with age,
Paused to rest in a narrow street,
And a strange sight his eyes did meet.

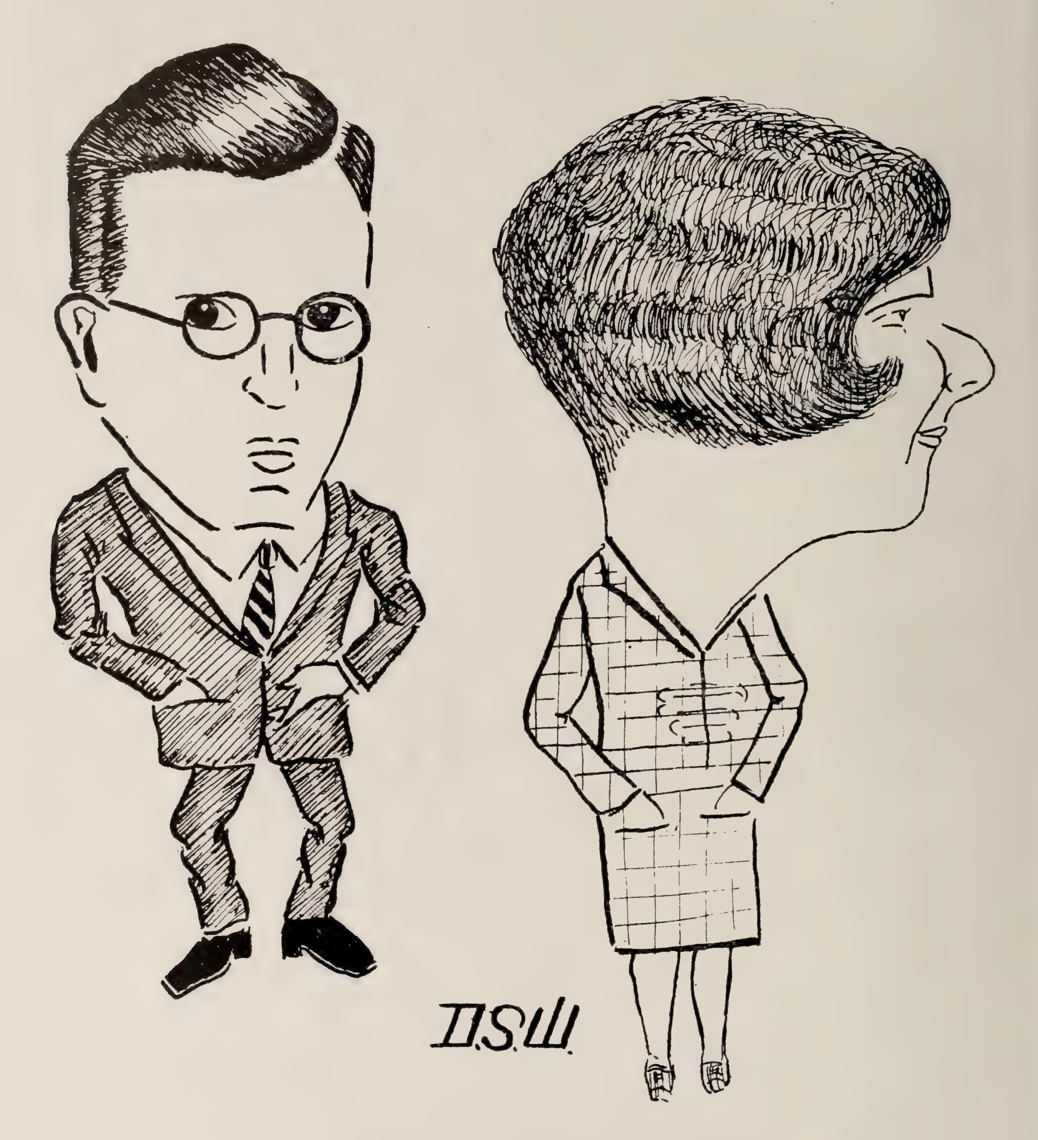
An artist, lean and hungry-eyed,
Bought bread from a woman at his side;
Turning with loaf in either hand,
His trained eye caught the flower-stand.

"Ivory lilies; lilies of red;
Lilies of snow, or of blood", they said.
He faltered not, but turned again,
Replacing one loaf where it first had lain.

And in its place he clasped in turn
The tiny coin he had slaved to earn;
He bought him a bloom of ivory and snow,
And tenderly bearing it home did go.
Had it been some relic of holy shrine
'Twould not have seemed to him more divine.

"Beauty is Life", soft quoth the sage;
"Who loveth it not, loseth many a page
From his book of years." Then words he penned,
Which say to you and me, my friend:
"He who has two loaves of bread—
Let him sell one and buy lilies instead".

M. E. S.



Students' Council Report

IT is with a feeling of regret, not unmingled with that of righteous pride, that we submit this report for publication. In reviewing the events of the past year and of those preceding, we inevitably conclude that Victoria College has taken a decided forward step. This it is that gives rise to our perhaps pardonable pride, but we must never lose sight of the fact that whatever success the College may have achieved has been largely due to the unanimous support of the student body, backed by the sympathetic co-operation of the Faculty.

Most noticeable, perhaps, in the past year has been the success of our athletic teams. Not only have our rugby and basketball teams been successful in the play-offs for the provincial titles, but three new teams, namely, soccer, golf and

boxing have been successfully organized. This alone, coupled with the fact that a greater respect has been commanded for our athletic prowess in our engagements with the University, argues well for the establishment of a pioneer spirit, which is to count so much in the years to come.

The Christmas invasion was a distinct success, our teams winning all but one of their matches. On the return encounter in February, we lost all but one match. This, however, served as a profitable experience, impressing on us all the need for humility and persistent training.

We point with pride, also, to our Players' Club and its presentation of "Dear Brutus". The success of this production was by no means easy to obtain, and the toil and sacrifice required certainly indicate the right school spirit.

In the mention of our year's successes we should not forget to include the Literary Society and its splendid programme. We point also to the fact that, in debate, our teams have won two out of three contests. We recall with pleasure the social functions of the year, from the "ice-breaking" of the Initiation to the evident success of the Annual Ball, and we are pleased to inform the student body that, above all, the financial result of the year's activities has been very satisfactory.

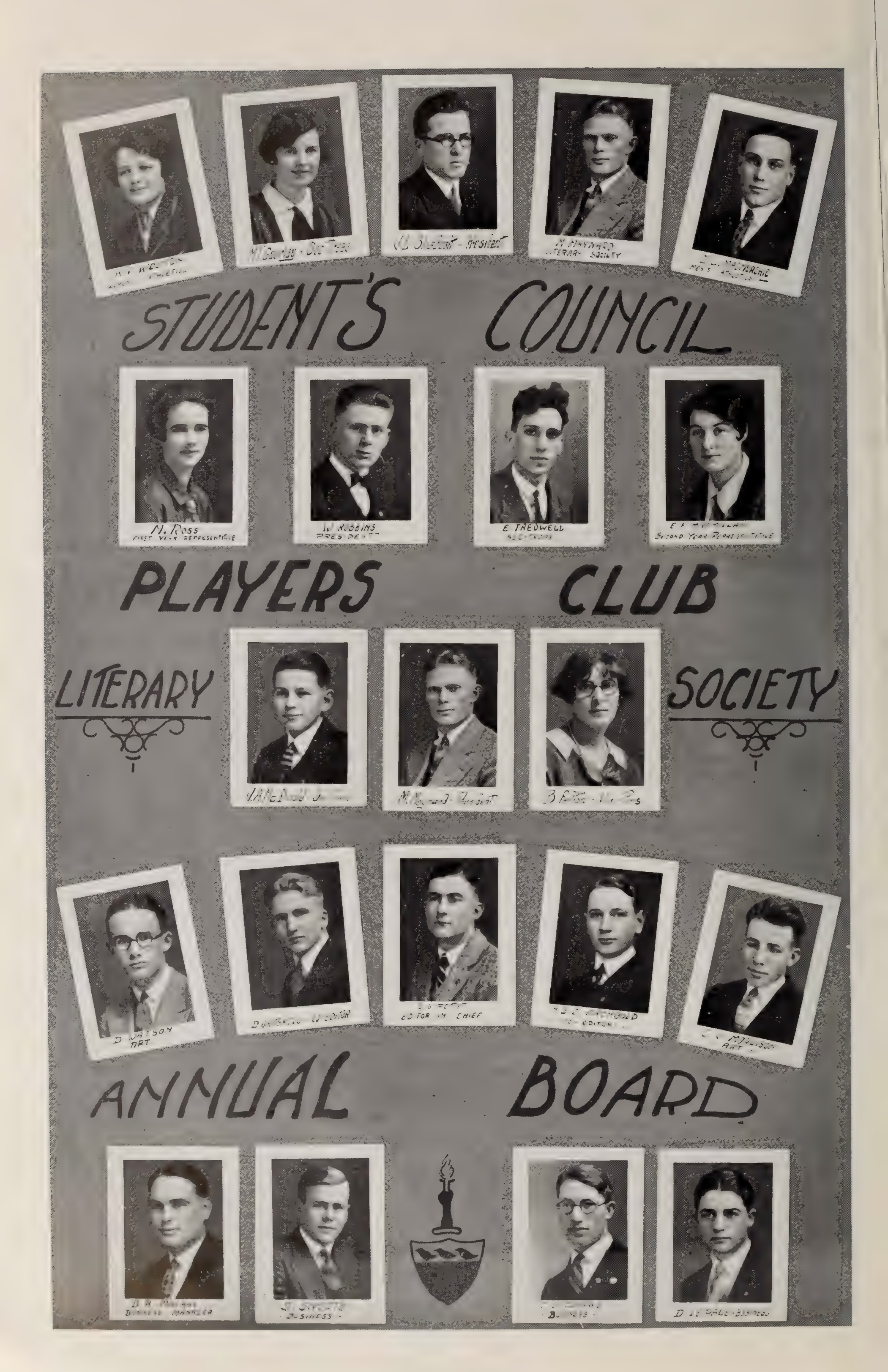
Looking over all the events of the year, we find no record of displeasure and become the more deeply impressed with the conclusion that any future year which may bring together such an excellent body of Freshmen and such a truly admirable faculty will indeed be fortunate; and in handing over the reins of student government to its successor, the Students' Council of 1926-27 extends to the Council of 1927-28 its most sincere wishes for success as expressed in the lines:

"To you from failing hands we throw the torch.
Be yours to hold it high."

JACK L. SHADBOLT,
President, Alma Mater Society.

Curious Loaves of Bread

A year or so ago the dwellers in an English village were startled at receiving loaves of bread which bore some rather ominous inscriptions. One loaf at the bottom was impressed with the words: "Died, Sept. 20", and another even had a skull and cross-bones on it. The superstitious among the simple folk thought that the inscriptions on the loaves were omens of death and disaster, and there was much perturbation. One individual of a more practical turn of mind decided to find out the conditions under which the bread was baked. After an examination of the bakery, the following facts were brought to light:—The baker was also the man who looked after the local graveyard. When the floor of his oven was worn out, he looked round him for something to set matters right. He came across some ancient slabs which at one time had rested on graves now long forgotten. Choosing some of the best of these, he placed them, with the inscriptions upwards, on the floor of the ovens. The soft dough naturally took an imprint of the words and designs upon the stones, with the result that the bread was decorated with the grim inscriptions that led to so much disquiet amongst the villagers.


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The Black Cat

IT was during one of my cycling tours through the pleasant counties of southern England that I had an experience, unique in-so-far as my prosaic temperament is concerned.

Towards the late afternoon of an Autumn day, I had come to a quiet little village on the coast of Sussex. Even as I rode through the winding, narrow street, I had the intuition that here was a little community that could boast a wealth of romance in its annals. The quaint dwellings which overhung the roadway seemed to breathe an atmosphere of intrigue, while the salt tang of the Channel on the breeze suggested that this town's past was much concerned with the sea and the men that toiled thereon.

As twilight was rapidly drawing in, and not wishing to run foul of the village constable, through my lack of a light, I resolved to seek lodging until the next morning. Besides, the wind contained more than a hint of rain, and I had previously experienced the unpleasant occurrence of being caught in a heavy rainstorm when crossing a lonely Yorkshire moor late one evening. I realized that such an occasion on the Sussex Downs could be equally unpleasant, and as I knew the next town was eight miles across country, I decided unhesitatingly to find shelter before the rain came.

Proceeding a little farther up the cobbled road, I met the village lamplighter going his rounds and inquired of him where the best inn was situated. In his broad Sussex dialect he directed me to a low, two-storied hostel, which faced the street and on one side, save for a tiny lane which led to the meadows beyond, was bordered by the churchyard.

Eight o'clock found me comfortably settled in the best armchair that the cosy parlor boasted. The room was a long, low place with walls of dark oak. The massive ceiling beams of the same fine wood seemed to possess a charming antique solidity and somehow I felt an inexplicable contentment stealing over me as I stared up at them. A grandfather clock, with the solemnity becoming his great age, clicked over in one corner, while on the mantelpiece above the huge fireplace a tiny French carriage clock raced madly, as in contempt of the venerable English grandsire. A bright fire on the hearth sent out a delicious warmth, while in the great throat of the chimney the sparks burst and crackled in a right merry fashion. The windows, which were latticed, on one side looked out on the main, cobbled street, while a small one, at my back, gazed over the tiny lane into the graveyard with its white sentinels of tombstones.

The only other occupant of the room besides myself was a grumbling commercial traveller from the North, who, judging by his pessimism concerning the Irish Question, might have been thought to carry all that weighty burden himself. I was really relieved when, at a quarter to ten, this worthy gentleman arose to retire and, with a final:

"Well, you mark my words!" left the parlor and mounted the staircase to his room.

I had selected at random from the not too well stocked bookcase, an old volume roughly bound in morocco leather. My pleasure was great when, on turning the cover, the title of "Historical Inns of Southern England" met my eyes. It was still more enhanced when, on further turning the pages, I came to a chapter entitled "The Brandy Keg, Chalkcliffe, Sussex". This, indeed, was the very hostel of which I was now the guest, and you can imagine that it was with

more than passing interest that I composed myself to read of the romantic history of this old place.

* * * *

With a sigh I closed the book and let it slip idly into the chair beside me. The hour was now quite late. Some time before, I had heard the landlord's polite, "Goodnight, zur!" and his ponderous, deliberate step ascending the stairway.

Outside, a gale had sprung up, and between the gusts of wind one could hear the unmistakable booming of the surf on the age-old cliffs, while squalls of rain beat intermittently on the small lattices, like ghostly finger-tips. But, as if mocking the inclement weather outside, the great chimney chuckled with every shrieking buffet that struck the house, and as the baffled wind retreated, moaning, the huge fireplace purred with such realism as to be almost uncanny. I sat musing and gazing into the fire, thinking of the doubtless strange scenes that this very room had been witness to. In my imagination I saw men, strangely dressed, men of bygone days—jolly tars with pigtails, king's men with cutlasses, Bow Street Runners, and . . . . . .

I turned at the sound of a scarcely audible click and the feeling of a slight draught on my neck. The casement overlooking the lane was slowly opening, and as I gazed, bewildered and certainly with no small qualms, a leg, adorned with an old-fashioned sea-boot, was thrust over the window-sill. This was followed almost immediately by a hand clutching an ancient horse-pistol, and then tumbled, catlike, into the room the most strangely attired man I had ever encountered.

On the intruder's head was a seaman's cap of the old style. Around his neck was knotted a black silken scarf. This was supplemented by a dirty red flannel shirt, tucked into a pair of wide trousers which, in turn, were gathered at the waist by a wide leather belt. Into the girdle were thrust a vicious-looking dagger and a gentleman's silver-mounted pistol, which seemed to strangely contrast with his rough person. He was reeking with perspiration, and this, coupled with the damp odour of his clothes, wet from the rain, assailed my nostrils most unpleasantly.

My impromptu visitor, however, gave me no long time to wonder who he was and what this sudden entry might mean.

"Hist! you gaping fool, or I'll blow that periwig and head of thine into kingdom come," was his disconcerting threat to my involuntary rising.

The man's strange attire and his stranger speech convinced me, after my first fright, that I had to deal with a madman. In view of this, my consternation may be appreciated when, on stepping forward, I suddenly realized that my own clothing had undergone a remarkable change. Instead of the conventional tweed coat and knickerbockers of a cyclist, my attire now consisted of a pale-blue jacket, trimmed with embroidered lace on the edges and at the cuffs, and a pair of satin knee-breeches to match. To say I was surprised, is putting it mildly. In perplexity, my hand wandered to my head, and instead of encountering my somewhat wiry hair, it fell on a soft, silky texture, which I immediately knew for the wig which my visitor had threatened to blow off. From my knees down, my legs were encased in beautiful silk stockings, which in turn were enhanced at the feet by patent shoes bearing silver buckles. In truth I was your true dandy of the eighteenth century.

Keeping me covered with his grim-looking horse-pistol, the seaman (for that's what he undoubtedly was) moved over to me. Standing foolishly, my head in a whirl, I blinked into his leering face. At length summoning my courage:

"What,—what does this mean? What is it all about?" I stammered.

His face broke into an ugly grin. "What does it mean, my pretty damsel codger?" he said, "why, this 'ere, that me, Ben Stubberfield, bos'n o' the lugger 'Golden Vanity', do mean to anchor 'ere until some of them King's Men sheer off. The coast's swarming with 'em tonight, curse 'em! They kotched us running in some bales from Dieppe, an hour ago. They took poor Jim, and Amos got plugged by a barker. I ain't been too long at sea to spoil me sprinting legs, and I managed to sling me hook. I been lying for arf an hour in old Squire Thornydyke's vault, till it blew over a bit. Then I made for 'ere. Landlord be used to us comin' and goin' sudden-like, you know". Here he winked in a horrible fashion, and breathed into my face so as almost to nauseate me. As for myself, I could do nothing but gape like any oaf. My head was going around like a great Catherine wheel. I tried to piece my scattered wits together.

Ah yes! a bicycle. But what was I doing on a bicycle in these absurd clothes? Now I had it! I was a wax dummy from Madame Tussaud's, and my friend here was too. But if he was a wax dummy, why was he worrying about Revenue Officers and hiding in an open tomb?

Suddenly there came a thunderous knocking on the front door, and a voice bellowed:

"Open, in the King's name!"

Ben acted with incredible speed. With a bound he had crossed the room and was hauling a large volume from the bookcase. Then he inserted his arm between the shelves and rapidly leapt back. My astonishment was intense to see the bookcase move slowly in a half-circle, disclosing a hole large enough to admit a man crawling on hands and knees. Then Ben spoke, hurriedly.

"Look 'ere, sir, if you wants to do a favor for a cove as never done you no 'arm, jest put that there book back when I crawls inside, and shut the 'ole. And remember, you ain't seen or eard nothing unusual all this night." Then he was gone, and dazedly I carried out his request.

Though this is long in the telling, it could scarcely have been more than half-a-minute from the assault on the door to Ben's disappearance through the aperture, but nevertheless the noise and striking broke out afresh, and scarcely had the clamor died when I heard the window-shutters of mine host's chamber creaking, and presently his voice croaked:

"What be 'ee wanting with honest folk at this hour?"

Then the imperious tone of an officer: "Landlord, I demand, in the King's name, that you open at once!"

"All right, cap'n, all right; I'll be down directly," came the scared voice of the innkeeper.

In a few seconds I heard the shuffling of his slippers on the creaking stairs, and, bewildered, I followed, with my hearing, his movements across the hall. Then, with much rattle, I heard the chains and bolts of the great front door being withdrawn. Following this, there broke out such pandemonium in the old inn as is almost beyond description. Doors were opened and slammed. The stairs, under extraordinary weight, groaned and complained like a rusty windmill shaft. The very house seemed to rock with the rumble of many eager feet.

Presently, into the parlor burst half-a-dozen King's Men. Seeing me, they halted in some bewilderment, until a fussy little individual, doubtless an officer, elbowed his way through the party with the game-cock airs so common to many little people.

"Sir! who are you?" demanded he.

By this time my overwrought nerves were on the point of giving way.

"Yes, who am I, that's what I want to know," I almost babbled. "You wouldn't believe me if I told you! The whole world's mad tonight, and I'm the supreme fool! Oh, but I know who you are," I almost shrieked at the little officer. "You're the Captain of H.M.S. Pinafore, aren't you? and ride a bicycle on the quarter-deck!" I added as an afterthought.

The group eyed me askance, until the ridiculously short official stepped forward and, drawing himself to his full height, puffing out his chest for all the world like a cock-sparrow, shouted: "Ho, Landlord, come and identify this madman!"

The scared innkeeper was pushed forward, where he stood eyeing me sullenly.

"Now, my man," cried the officer, "tell me who this individual is!"

The landlord's reply was direct and deliberate.

" 'Ee be an intruder. I never set eyes on 'im afore. He warn't 'ere when I closed doors."

His last words were followed by an ominous silence, which was broken by a roar of: "Got 'im at last, by hokey!"

With a great show of importance the little man stepped forward another pace: "Roger Eastleigh, I arrest you in the name of His Majesty, on the charge of being gentleman smuggler and skipper of the barque 'Golden Vanity', engaged in illicit pursuits. I may warn you that resistance will not avail you. Your craft has been seized these two hours, by a King's ship. All your roguish crew has been apprehended except one, Ben Stubberfield. Now I command you to come quietly. Men, seize this rascal!"

The crowd moved towards me.

"But look here!" I shrieked, my last remnant of self-control quite lost, "you can't molest a man like this in the twentieth century. Bah! you're only a bunch of mad actors from the West End! D'ye hear!" I screamed, "a party of depraved imbeciles! A ———"

In my frenzy I stepped back and, colliding with a heavy chair, I fell clumsily to the floor, where I lost all sense of consciousness.

* * * *

I awoke to find myself sprawled in a grotesque manner on the floor at the foot of my chair. Stealing my hand to my brow I was not surprised to find it bathed in perspiration. Then leaning on the chair for support, I slowly drew myself to my feet and gazed around me. The hands of the great clock showed the hour to be half-past two A.M. Even as I looked, it struck, and as the last sound died faintly away; I heard an unmistakable "Meow!" Turning to the little casement, I was startled to see it quite wide open. On the window-sill sat a great black cat, looking dreadfully woebegone and bedraggled. Beneath the casement, on the floor lay a flower-pot shattered beyond salvage. Outside, the storm raged on.

"Come in, Ben," I said, "I pity cats and sailors on a night like this."

R. J. S.


D.S.Watson

The Older Generation

"AND do you remember the time that mother locked Cyril in his room, and hid his clothes, because he had been naughty?" said my mother, "and how he climbed out of the window and went and played baseball, airily clad in one of Jack's sweaters, fastened with mother's diamond bar pin?"

"I certainly do," laughed my mother's cousin Clara. "And do you remember, when we were at the Abbey, the time we ———"

Then they suddenly remembered my presence, and I was politely requested to go on some inane errand. That was three years ago, or more, and it made me furious to be sent from the room just when I was on the point of learning something interesting. It always has enraged me to be sent away on some flimsy excuse; however, as becomes my mature age, it rarely happens now. But the older generation have other means of eluding discovery which are just as maddening. As I said before, it is at least three years since I heard mother and cousin Clara reminiscing, and I don't know yet what it was that they ———! I wonder if I ever shall?

How I wish that I had lived twenty-five years ago, that I might have seen with my own eyes those paragons of virtue, our parents, gently playing croquet, or walking sedately to church, *or* studying. These, I am led to suppose, were their wildest forms of dissipation. But strange as it may seem, I am tempted to believe that they had other ways of amusing themselves that were not quite so mild. Why is it that they always try to hide the fact that they once did the very things they disapprove of our doing? Dancing, for instance. The older generation is unanimous in its disapproval of modern dancing. Weird, ugly, exaggerated and ungraceful, I have heard it called. But it cannot appear half so ridiculous to them as their dancing does to us of the younger generation. I once read an article in which the author said: "In 1902, we danced like mad, but pure, kangaroos". That, I think, is a very apt description. And the very people who were probably the maddest kangaroos, are loudest in their disapproval of modern dancing.

Another favorite topic of conversation with the older generation is modern dress. It always makes me laugh to hear them condemning the sensible, if perhaps rather abbreviated, dresses of today, they, who tortured themselves into waists which must almost have ruined their lungs. And is amuses me even more to hear women discuss, in shocked tones, the present "extreme styles", women who, a few short years ago revelled in wasp waists, leg-of-mutton sleeves, hats which resembled large flower gardens, yards of false hair, and unweildy, germ-carrying trains.

The older generation have two favorite expressions, it seems. These are: "What's the younger generation coming to?" and "When I was young". The former despairing cry is usually heard when you are creeping upstairs after a particularly wonderful dance, and is generally followed closely by the latter remark. When I hear both of them at once, I prepare to listen to a few well-chosen remarks about the worthlessness of the youth of today, "who think of nothing but having a good time". Then comes the inevitable, "In my young days", when the girls wore white muslin party frocks, and the boys were models of propriety, and no dance ever ended as late as three o'clock.

Why do they do it? Why does the older generation always think the younger generation is so *terrible?* Time goes on, customs and manners change, but human nature doesn't. And I am absolutely convinced that the people who

shake their heads mournfully over us today, were just like us yesterday, just as gay, and every bit as fond of a good time, no better, no worse. But why do they try so hard to hide the fact? Why are they so unwilling to remember that they were once the younger generation, and that the older generation in 1902 shook their heads over them just as seriously as they in 1926 are shaking their heads over us? That's what I can't understand. And I don't suppose I ever shall. In a few years I shall be of the older generation, and when my daughter comes home from an aeroplane ride, I'll probably say, "Mary, I'm surprised at you, it's three o'clock in the morning! What *is* the younger generation coming to? When I was young ———!"

PEGGY GOURLAY.

Home

Green-blue waves, with white-caps topping,
Call to me to come.
Green-blue waves, at brown rocks stopping,
Say they'll take me home.

Misty sprays, e'er dashing sky-ward,
Call to me to come.
Sprays against the rocks are by-word
Sent to bring me home.

Flashing sea-gulls, silver gleaming,
Call to me to come.
Over them the sunlight streaming,
Points the way to home.

White ships, sailing ever westward,
Call to me to come.
Grey smoke, curling slowly upward,
Speaks to me of home.

Breezes, all the salt-tang bringing,
Call to me to come.
Mem'ries set my thoughts a-winging,
So I must go home.

J. M.

Now You Mathematicians! How Eskimos Count.

Eskimos adopt the primitive way of counting by means of their fingers: one, two, three, four five. Above five, up to ten, they use the second hand, saying that six is "the first finger of the second hand". When ten is reached, the toes are called into use. For instance, thirteen would be "three toes on one foot". Eighteen would be "three toes on the second foot". Twenty is spoken of as "the whole man". An Eskimo seldom tries to go beyond this figure, but he can do so if he wishes. For example, he expresses twenty-two as "two fingers on the first hand of the second man", thirty-seven by "two toes on the second man's second foot", whilst forty would be "the whole of the second man". There is no evidence that an Eskimo can count over a hundred, which number he calls "the whole of the fifth man". (Prove, by Differential Calculus and Mechanics, that the above system of counting is exact science.)

Personals

BETTY ALLAN

Born Victoria, B. C. Matriculated Victoria High School.

"What can I do you for?" Shylock would have applied to Betty for the most effective methods of prying loose the victim from his monies. Painless extraction is her specialty. Betty decorates important places on all important occasions. In both roles absolutely indispensable.

ROBERT NORMAN ANDERSON

Birthplace, Rossland, B. C. Matriculated Rossland High School, 1925.

"Bobby" is the boy with the gorgeous head of hair. It is rumoured that he is a radio-fan; anyway, we know that he is continually trying to find the Mars(el) wave length. "Bobby" is one of our best French scholars and will continue his studies next year at U.B.C.

HERBERT SEYMOUR CHOWNE ARCHBOLD

Birthplace, Toronto, Ont. Matriculated Collegiate School, Victoria, 1924.

"Archie," as he is known to everyone, is destined for Toronto Varsity, and hopes to become H. S. C. ARCHBOLD, M.D. As he is a prominent Rugbyist, we hope that his bruises will afford him first-class, first-hand, first-aid experience for his coming career. "Cheerio, Archie!"

SHEILA ARMSTRONG

Born Toronto. Matriculated King Edward High, Vancouver.

Let not your mind be full of thoughts when Sheila is near. She's our noted psychologist. We privately think she aspires to be an angel, but keeps it so dark that even her best friends can't tell. (Reference, see Betty MacMillan.)

FRANCES E. BELL

Frances saw her first snowstorm in Kenora, Ontario, but has lived most of her life in Victoria. She has firm ideas on most subjects, gained, no doubt, from a three years' sojourn at Polam Hall, England, where she matriculated. Frances is known to her many friends by her repertoire of varied expressions, also by the fact that she absent-mindedly answers "present" when Mr. Farr says: "Has the bell rung?"

JEAN CAMPBELL

Born Lethbridge. Matriculated Oak Bay High School.

Jean knows all about "International Trade and sech-like economic snarls", but it hasn't spoiled her a bit. A perfectly good example of an Interior product.

VICTOR LENNIE CHAPMAN

Born Victoria, B. C. Matriculated Victoria High, 1925.

"Chappie's" redoubtable form has graced many a rugby field, and to all who have seen him in action he has been an object of awe and admiration. Like all the great, he has his idiosyncrasies; chief of these are his partialities for Mathematics and Logic, and to full many an erring student has he made clear some bit of mathematical reasoning, so that the grateful youth would fain cry:

"Never did I breathe its pure serene
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold."

CHARLES STEWART CLARKE

Another native of our own city and a graduate of Victoria High School. We understand that he spent last year studying medicine at Toronto University, but are glad to say he came back to us before it was too late. Stewart's favourite occupation seems to be cutting up dead cats and horses in the Biology "lab". We are sure he will make a wonderful doctor some day.


D. H. LE PAGE
H. R. MARSHALL
G. McCANN
ARTS '29
ARTS '29
S. B. PETTIT
C. B. DOBBIN
J. SPURGIN
W. TERY
S. M. ARMSTRONG
G. M. LEMM
V. L. CHAPMAN
C. M. GARESCHÉ
SECOND YEAR STUDENTS

DOROTHY MELISSA CRUICKSHANK

Another good example of a home product. Dorothy went to V.H.S. too. Besides being a good centre on the Women's Basketball team, Dorothy is an excellent Rugby fan—(she roots much better than most of them). Dorothy is tall and slender and has the boyish figure the girls all try to get.

ETHELWYN MARY DEE

Ethelwyn did not need to "Follow the Birds to Victoria"—this is her native village. Grad. of V.H.S., too. Much of the success of the play, "Dear Brutus", was due to her performance of "Margaret" and "Lady Caroline Laney".

CHRISTINA DOBBIN

"My Wild Irish Rose, etc." Born in England, brought up at Qualicum Beach, educated in Victoria, but still as Irish as Paddy's pig—but much nicer-looking. Well known at V.C. for her athletic prowess, as well as for her charming personality. "Lend me 5c, I'm bankrupt."

BARBARA FELTON

Just one more good thing that came from England. Barbara hails from Yorkshire, made famous by "Yorkshire Pudding". Her name is synonymous with industry and efficiency. Besides toeing the mark in her college work, Barbara is assistant-instructor in the Bi-Lab, was one of the debating team which brought College victory over the Normal School, and took the part of "Coady" in the Play.

CECILIA GARESCHE

"Babs" was born in this city and before coming to Victoria College was one of those meek little school-girls of St. Margaret's. Never mind, the meekness has long since worn off. She will be remembered down the ages for her interpretation of "Joanna" in the College play; indeed, we understand that she still answers to the name in private life and has become permanently svelte and fluid. Be that as it may, we consider her indispensable to the welfare of Arts '29, and hope she sometime will find the answer to the eternal question, "What French did we have for today?"

MARGARET T. GOURLAY

"Peggy" came to Victoria from Toronto when she was just "a little bit of a thing" toddling about with a cat under one arm and a "penny dreadful" under the other. She began her education here at the Convent, and later attended the Oak Bay High School, where she distinguished herself in many ways, but chiefly through her literary talent and her ability to manage people and high finance. Her two years at Victoria College have been marked by corresponding successes. We recall, for instance that last year's English prize was awarded to her; that the success of both "Milestones" and "Dear Brutus" was due in no little degree to her contagious enthusiasm, and that she, more than any other member, has directed the activities of the Students' Council during the past year. In our opinion Peggy is the most capable, efficient, business-like individual in the College and, what is more, one of the most charming.

VIOLET GUY

Born Calgary, Alberta. Matriculated Victoria High.

We have it on the best authority that her pet ambition is to be a pirate bold. Otherwise she's quite tractable, but has been known to prevaricate on occasions.

"See China and die!"

MARION ELIZABETH HARGREAVES

Born in Taber, Alberta, but migrated to Victoria with the rest of the Prairie Chickens. Well known by her red hair and musical accomplishments. "Mickey" is a good student and has a mighty cheerful outlook on life.

GERTRUDE KATHERINE HILL

We are not prepared to tell all we know of the doings of this piquant, dark-eyed damozel. That would be quite uncalled-for and—unnecessary. Suffice it to say that Gertrude began her education at a girls' school in Toronto, but as that institution gave no scope to her talents, came to Victoria, where she found the caressing breezes, ardent sunshine and general fauna of the place more fascinating. Her chief pastime—if we may presume to call by so light a name what she takes very seriously—is collecting badges, of which, we hear, she has some twenty thousand. If you wanted to be nasty, of course, you might call Gertrude a—well—a bit of a flirt. (Horrible title!) But we, who pride ourselves on being well-bred, would not think of slandering one so young. And, for that matter, she can't help being charming.

JAMES HORNE

Born Victoria, B. C. Matriculated Victoria High, 1924.

"Jimmie"—the real he-man type of college student—impresses you as possessing a vast fund of worldly knowledge. He is often to be seen in the centre of a group of gawking freshies, relating to them the hardships to be endured by a prairie harvester. He is notorious for his oftentimes breaking the calm of a peaceful lecture by an apparently inconsequent cackle—usually much to the alarm of the presiding prof.

HAROLD P. JOHNS

Birthplace, Victoria. Matriculated Victoria High School, 1925.

Harold hopes to become Prime Minister some day. As a keen student of History and Politics, coupled with Psychology, we feel sure he is on the right track. During the vacation he works at the Crystal Spring, making "pop"—doubtless getting "atmosphere" for his coming political work of "blowing people up".

WILLIAM SAYER BULKLEY LATTA

Birthplace, Victoria. Matriculated Oak Bay High School, 1925.

"Bill" is doubtless one of our most popular boys. As a member of the soccer team he has shown his athletic worth. In academic studies, his brilliance is evident in mathematics. We all join in wishing "Bill" the best of good luck for the future.

GERTRUDE MARGUERITE LEMM

"Rita" arrived on the terrestrial ball at Victoria, B. C., and gleaned her education in the city. Matric V.H.S. Rather quiet, but every now and again surprises everyone with witty, knowing words—"still waters," Rita. What would happen to us all if Rita wasn't here to laugh away our solemn moments?

"A merry head maketh a cheerful countenance."

DAVID H. LE PAGE

In writing "Dave's" personal, we do not invoke the inventive muse to aid us with agile dodgings and clever detours to side-step fact. We have no need. The truth itself is complimentary. But for that matter, it wouldn't make a bit of difference to him if it wasn't. If we wrote the most slanderous report imaginable, filled with our most brilliant satire and our most biting diatribes, he would only laugh at it. That's what he always does. Humour—of the kind that sees the ridiculous in everything—is his most outstanding characteristic; and next to that—probably springing out of it—a genuine friendliness and generosity. But hush! We had almost forgotten that "Dave" is a scholarship student. You wouldn't know that, of course—and certainly he would never tell you. In fact, he has probably forgotten it himself.

THOMAS LITTLE

Born Victoria, B. C. Matriculated Victoria High, 1925.

During the past year, Tom has been a star in the athletic life of the College. He shines most brilliantly in the sphere of basketball, having done much to aid the team gain its present enviable position. Tom is one of those popular youths with a Hollywood smile, who has a way with the ladies that many of us try in vain to emulate.

LORNA PHILIPPA LUXTON

Born in Victoria. Came to us from St. Mariner's, Vancouver.

"Fifi" is keenly interested in the ways of euglena, frogs and other "bugs", and is a friend-in-need to struggling students of Biology I. She is further noted for two things: (1) That she is unbobbed, and (2) that she is always cheery, kind and ready to help. Altogether, one of Arts '29's most famous members.

GEORGE McCANN

Born in Seattle. Matriculated at Victoria High School.

George went to the University of Washington for a while, but decided that, after all, Victoria College was better. He is one of these quiet people; indeed, during lectures, it almost appears that he is thinking, but we might do well to remember the saying: "Still waters run deep". Usually travels in a Chrysler roadster.

JOHN ALEXANDER MACDONALD

Birthplace, Victoria. Matriculated Victoria High School, 1925.

John's chief honour is that of being named after one of Canada's "Fathers". Besides this he has three others, viz., he is the shortest boy in the College, has the best complexion, and is Secretary of the Literary Society. John hopes some day to be a journalist, and we feel sure he will be of the "bustling type". We are confident also that he will never have difficulty in interviewing ladies, judging by his winning manner with the "frigid unapproachables" of Arts '29.

BETTY McMILLAN

For two years now Betty has helped "make" the College Play. Whether her ability as an actress is due to the fact that she was born in San Francisco, or went to Victoria High, we don't know. With her jolly smile and chatter, Betty is popular with everyone, and we'd say that if she ever realizes her ambition of being a widow, she'll be a merry one.

ALISON CAMERON McTAVISH

Alison was born in no less a place than Langlaagte, South Africa, but took her Matric from the somewhat more civilized precincts of Oak Bay High. An authority on matters librarical and an enthusiastic dissecter of frogs. We feel confident in predicting that Alison's breezy cheerfulness will carry her through a very happy and successful career.

HILDA MARSHALL

Born Eholt. Matriculated Ladysmith.

"I don't know why it is, but I feel at home with a pen in my hand." We only hope that when the laurels of literary fame are firmly pressed on Hilda's head, she'll still remember her humble admirers of, "Description of My Aunt's Drawing Room".

AMY ISABEL MULLIN

Little, but wise—that's Amy. We have great respect for Clarisholme High, Alberta, since we know that Amy graduated there. She conceals her superior knowledge under a curly topknot and a sweet smile. Born in Lethbridge, Alberta.


M. E. HARGREAVES
F. E. BELL
E. T. MACMILLAN
A. TOOLEY
ARTS '29
R. SHANKS
C. B. W. STORCH
E. M. DEE
T. M. LITTLE
M. T. GOURLAY
P. H. ROSE
J. W. HORNE
L. ROUNDING
SECOND YEAR STUDENTS

MAX SINGLETON MAYNARD

Poet, actor, artist, author, musician, orator, athlete, philanderer, philosopher, —or what have you? The difficulty is not so much in discovering what Max can do, as in finding something he can't do. Born in Madras, but came to Canada in time to delight Victoria with his budding genius. Confines his College activities to running the "Lit" Society, making 1st classes, and arguing with anyone, about anything, at any time.

SYDNEY GEORGE PETTIT

Hurray for England! Sussex has the honour of being the birthplace of the Editor of this year's Annual. "Syd" is a cynic, worships at the shrine of G. B. S. and utters profound statements at the slightest provocation—a really deep thinker. Worst vice: Strong tobacco, consumed in enormous quantities.

CATHERINE ISABELLE PIKE

Isabelle was born in Nanaimo, which just shows what Nanaimo can do when it tries, and is a graduate of Victoria High School. One does not hear much from her, but her influence is by no means unfelt in second year circles. Maths are the guiding star of her college life, but, apart from this, she is really quite normal and a good friend to all of us.

PHILIP HENRY ROSE

Birthplace, Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan. Matriculated Victoria High, 1924.

"Phil" is our leading mathematician and a keen student of other subjects. As a clever soccer player he needs no introduction and his prowess in the gym is well known. Combined with these qualities, an unassuming nature makes "Phil" a general favourite.

NORMA SCHROEDER

Norma, wholly a product of Victoria, is one of the smallest and youngest of our class, but she makes up for such deficiencies by being one of the most conscientious. Though she causes all the rest of us to feel so very lazy, she is a general favorite, who is always willing to oblige us with the past participles of irregular verbs, despite her frequent entreaty, thus: "Now, please, don't talk to me, I've got to do my Virgil".

JOHN LEONARD SHADBOLT

Our versatile President, with his infectious laugh, can do everything from writing poetry to playing rugby. We know, too, that he doesn't mind a laugh on himself because when we were discussing the actions of monkeys, in psychology, the other day, Jack remarked, "That's just what I do!" He was born in England, but took his matric at Victoria High.

REGINALD JOHN PETER SHANKS

Born Surrey, England. Matricluated Victoria High School, 1924.

It is difficult to judge whether "Reg" is best famed for his literary talent or for his athletic accomplishments. At any rate, he is pre-eminent in both his fields of endeavour. As an exponent of soccer science, "Reg" is a footballer of the first rank. Despite his onerous duties as captain of the soccer eleven, "Reg" still finds time to enlighten those uninformed individuals who hold distorted conceptions of the many and varied topics peculiar to common-room discussions. And, too, "Reg's" journalistic abilities are well-recognized; and not being content with mere excellent essays, he must venture forth into the realm of poetry.

JOAN SPURGIN

Newcastle-on-Tyne is famous for two reasons—coal, and Joan. Thinking of the latter makes one wish to be a poet. She reminds you of everything that's lovely—pink rosebuds, lavender and old lace—an old-fashioned garden—but that's enough. Suffice it to say that she is the sweetest girl in College—and that's saying something.

CHARLES B. W. STORCH

Born Victoria. Matriculated Esquimalt High School, 1925.

A young athlete of Herculean build, who is a conscientious disciple of Bernarr MacFadden, and who follows with religious exactitude the formulas and dogmas of dieticians, physical culturists, strong men and the like. Charlie's chief interest lies in boxing; but, nevertheless, his interest in the "manly" art has not affected his chivalrous mien and charming personality. Charlie is the happy possessor of a flashing smile that would do justice to a toothpaste advertisement.

HELEN MARGARET SUTHERLAND

Another reason why O.B.H.S. is a bigger and better school. First saw the light of day in Revelstoke, B. C., and received her early education there. Three years at O.B.H.S made her what she is today. Went to McGill one year, but fortunately came to her senses and decided to attend a real college. A member of the cast of "Dear Brutus".

WINNIE TERVO

Born Glenora, B. C. Matriculated Victoria High School.

Winnie, it is whispered, was told that she must help look after us. This, no doubt, accounts for the fact that (a) she is never late; (b) a sweet disposition; (c) ————; but why go into details? Oh, yes, Winnie thinks that U.B.C. is a wonderful place. "My dear, are you using your notes tonight?"

RALPH CARLTON THOMAS

Ralph is notorious for never directly answering any question that is put to him. They tell us that he's shy, but we don't believe it—he gets away with so much "sass" in lectures. He is a general favourite. Born in Moncton, N.B. and matriculated from Penticton High, where he learned to play a fine game of basketball.

AUDREY TOOLEY

"Pat" is not always as serious as this, in fact, her happy giggles are a good second to Frances' whispers in lectures. Although "Pat" was born in Ottawa, she came "out West" at an early age and matriculated from V.H.S.

EDWARD WILLIS

Born Victoria. Matriculated Victoria High, 1925.

A handsome, bespectacled youth, on whom all efforts on the part of kindly Profs to persuade him to work less assiduously, for the sake of his health, seem ineffectual. "Ned's" limited time-table leaves him with much leisure with which to pursue his studies according to his individuality. He is noted chiefly for his collaboration with Horne and Little.

IOLA AUDREE WORTHINGTON

Born in Victoria, B. C. for the especial purpose of becoming the College Women's Basketball captain. Iola is well known in the realm of sport, having played for V.H.S., Normal and College. Commonly known as "The Dictionary of General Knowledge", Iola will give information on any topic, provided it's not too difficult.

BELLE McGAULEY

Born in Seattle. Matriculated in Nelson.

Belle is an enthusiastic member of our basketball team, a good sport and a thoroughly jolly fellow. Owing to an unfortunate accident at one of the games, she has had to appear with crutches, but as long as she does appear—why, we're happy. She has an odd habit of attending both first and second year lectures and is very welcome in each.

LEWIS ROUNDING

Lewis first smiled on the world in Regina, Sask., and we believe he has continued to smile ever since. Having matriculated from Sprott-Shaw, he came to cheer up Victoria College—especially during Economics.

To ——

I heard a sigh fall from the laurels, once,
And, turning, I saw Daphne standing there;
Close by, Apollo stood with cruel smile,
—And, like a fool, all I could do was stare.

I heard a sigh fall from your lips one eve,
And, turning, I saw Beauty standing there;
Close by, young Cupid, coral-dimpled, smiled,
—And, like a fool, all I could do was stare.

R. J. S.

The Shark's Passenger—The Remora

The prowling shark, which most of us dread more than all other man-destroying creatures, is helpless against a certain species of fish which lives in the warmer seas.

The Remora's head is equipped with an oval disc, on the inside of which are rows of vents and muscular projections. With this apparatus it produces a vacuum and attaches itself to the body of a shark. Wherever the shark goes it takes the Remora, and if the latter cannot dictate the course of the bigger fish, neither can the shark release itself from its jockey.

Once it has attached itself, the Remora changes its conspicuous array of black and white stripes for the bluey-grey color of the shark. Its presence does not seem to annoy the other fish, who possibly may be only vaguely aware that it is carrying a passenger.

Although the Remora is well able to forage for itself, it prefers, as a rule, to wait until the shark has made a kill. It then releases itself, seizes the tasty morsels which may be within reach, and darts quickly back to the shark. This remarkable fish must not be confused with the Pilot-fish, which is often found swimming close to a shark. There is another species of Remora which attaches itself to swordfish, tarpons and other large fish.

Sailors at one time had many quaint beliefs concerning the Remora. Some claimed that sharks were affected with blindness and relied upon the Remora to guide them upon their hunts for food. Others thought that the female shark carried her young attached to her side; but perhaps the strangest belief upheld by seafaring men was that sharks were born in pairs and that one growing to enormous size fought the battles and provided the food for both.

My Pipe and I

Being a Reminiscence in the Smoking Room of the R.M.M.S. Aorangi, August, 1926

WE HAD just completed a most excellent dinner, when some fellow-passengers bustled into the dining saloon to tell us that the dance was under weigh out on the promenade deck. The night was certainly beautiful. We had dropped Suva astern with its depressing heat and its sickly odor of rotten copra, and were now cleaving a creamy wake across the open ocean. The fresh southeast trade winds seemed to caress one with their cool, sweet fragrance. So calm was the sea that night, the deck was as steady as any ballroom floor. The ship's orchestra was undeniably good, and my companion was most charming—still. You see I was in that blissful state following a really splendid meal, that seems to intoxicate one. Drowsy—nerves relaxed after a strenuous day, and senses numbed, that is, all except the faculty of appreciating smooth, mellow things. That was it, nothing with bubbles in it—something that wouldn't disturb or excite the nerves—straight, smooth and velvety, and a long, cool cigar.

There was no help for it. I excused myself and ambled along in the direction of the smoking-room, smiling pleasantly at everyone I met. The sigh I breathed as I sank down in a huge leather chair was enough to bring the attendant to my side immediately. Good old chap—he knew just how I was feeling! The smile on his face as he applied a match to my cigar was the sort I had seen in my dreams—"A kindly, beaming smile that children could warm their hands on"—in fact it was the sort of smile I expect to see on St. Peter's face when he welcomes me through the Pearly Gates. As he faded out of my vision, I murmured a blessing on him and dreamily closed my eyes.

When I opened my eyes a moment later my gaze roamed over the corner of the smoking room. In the soft light, the golden oak of the walls, and the rich brown of the leather fairly gleamed as the eye caught the reflected beams. The light was a soft, pale yellow colour rather like the light from candles, and it emphasized the dull red glow of some bronze weapons which hung on the walls. It was not that, however, which caught my eye. It was a glass, full of liquid amber, on a little table by the side of my chair. A tiny sip rolled pleasantly over my tongue—a delicious draw at the Habana, and I closed my eyes to the soothing silence of the room once more.

I should have been feeling very depressed, but strange to say I was quite happy. I had left an old companion behind me. It was my pipe—the first pipe I had owned, and now, through my carelessness it lay forgotten on a table in a cafe in Suva. That is, it had lain there. Most likely, soon after I left, some heathen Fijian waiter seized upon it and hurled it into the street. For two years we had been together. I remember the first time I crammed it full of tobacco. It was good tobacco, a little too strong, perhaps, as developed later, but I stayed with it and learned to love that pipe. Once or twice I grew tired of it and took to other things. Various kinds of cigarettes held my attention for a time, but I always came back to the pipe. Then came that episode with American cigarettes, and I was converted; ever since I have been faithful to my pipe.

We two have had some great adventures together. If it ever chose to turn informer, what tales it could tell on me. It has been a staunch friend, however, and carried me through some terrible ordeals. Many times I would have wilted and struck my colours were it not for the bold front old Pipe maintained. And

then that glorious, never-to-be-forgotten fight, down by the chain-locker, myself and the pipe. It started in a good-natured little boxing match with a small, wiry Philipino. The place was the fo'c's'le of the "Eastern Gale", bound for the Behring sea. Chinese and Philipinos occupied the fo'c's'le, and the Philipinos provided good entertainment with their guitars and their songs, so we three white men had gone down to the fo'c's'le to watch the fun. The bout was getting a little too rough when they stopped it. I wanted to stop. I had already removed my gloves and lighted my pipe when the trouble started. The little chap—he didn't seem so little in comparison with my little self—seemed quite put out at having the fight stopped. He was making a lot of noise, possibly talking, and the others were holding him back, but suddenly he came at me with a rush, swinging a vicious right for my jaw. Fortunately he had short arms, and I swayed back just enough to be clear of his blow and bit hard on old Pipe. My left hit him just below his right ear. What he said as he dropped to the deck, I don't know, but I am sure it wasn't complimentary. Then they came. About thirty excited little brown men, very angry at myself and Pipe. For about five magnificent minutes we fought, grappling, hitting, and plunging for the companion-way, which was about fifteen feet aft. Then, suddenly, Pipe was knocked from my mouth, and I was alone. I felt terribly alone!

It was some minutes afterwards, I suppose, when I woke up and saw three white men and the Philipino foreman looking anxiously down at me. I was perfectly all right, although I couldn't hold my pipe between my teeth for the next two days. The pipe was returned to me later, with an apology for the trouble, but no one had been hurt and we were all happy.

We were getting to be good friends and I had gained a great respect for old Pipe when we sailed together on the grand old bark "Guy C. Cross". Our first puppy love was over by that time, and was succeeded by the deep mutual affection which means so much. We trusted each other, too, for I never tried to deceive old Pipe. The fact is, I couldn't. It knew me too well—all my little faults and weaknesses and my bluff.

Nothing very eventful happened for a few days out, until we ran into a powerful westerly gale. Then, one night, just after we had turned in, the gale increased. The lower topgallant sails had to come in, and possibly more if the gale continued. That beastly little second mate burst his way into the fo'c's'le and bellowed the horrible call—"Hit the deck you sleepers! All hands on deck! Pronto, now!"

Someone lighted the lamp and we all rolled out. I pulled on my oilskins and sea-boots and groped into my bunk for my sou'wester. My hand closed over old Pipe nestling in the sou'wester, so I jammed it between my teeth. There didn't seem to be any other safe place for it on such a frightful night.

The ship reeled over at a sickening angle under the terrific pressure of wind. We were fairly flying along. As I emerged from the fo'c's'le, a great, green mountain of water loomed up over the bulwarks, but only the crest of it came aboard. As it was, several tons of cold green water fell on the back of my neck, and I was carried with it as far as the deck-house, which I struck with a very discouraging and very sounding thud. Pipe and I were not happy as I jumped for the fore-lower-mast shrouds before the next wave foamed over the bulwarks. Up the shrouds I went, tired and wet and aching in every bone. Old Pipe was wet and cold and just longing for a bit of tobacco too, but both of us were determined not to let the other know just what sort of blue funk we were in. I swung out from the shrouds to the lower t'gallant yard, just as the mast gave a lurch which would have sent me flying far

out into the blackness, if I hadn't been watching for some such display of animosity. I clutched the jackstay and swung my feet to the footropes in the nick of time, nearly swallowing poor old Pipe in my fear. Old Pipe was frightened, too. I could tell from the way it rattled on my teeth. A moment later we were out at the weather-end of the yard-arm, working like fiends over that diabolical sail. After forty-five minutes that seemed like forty-five hours we succeeded in getting the sail snugly furled.

Wearily we descended to the deck and thankfully turned into our bunks, after roundly cursing the sea, the ship and all men who go to sea in ships. But now old Pipe knew—learned up there on the yard-arm—the sort of fellow I am. Relations since that have been a little strained, although we are still good friends. Now, however, it knew too much about me, so, after thinking it over, I decided it was best we should part thus.

I was breathing rather heavily by the time I reached this conclusion, and the golden browns and ambers, and the blue clouds of cigar smoke, all blended into a dream pattern as I slowly realized I was asleep.

S. SIVERTZ.

An Efficient Woman

I REALIZED that this was just another instance of my cousin's odd way of expressing herself, and told her somewhat angrily that she must explain.

"You say that this Mrs Blackett is 'a woman with an efficiency complex.' I'm afraid I don't understand, but you're going to make me understand, do you hear?"

Polly sat up straight and planted her feet squarely on the floor with an air of mock solemnity.

"I hate explaining myself, but I suppose I must accommodate your limited intelligence."

Then, going on in a sedate and precise manner, which she always affects towards the woefully ignorant, she told me that: "This Mrs. Blackett, as I have intimated, is what one might call an efficiency expert. Her very appearance indicates that. In the first place, her figure, which is the medium height, is neat and slim, and, as she herself says, whoever knew a truly busy woman who was stout? She has gray eyes, which, set in a face whose features are perhaps too regular to be attractive, are keen and restlessly observant. Her shining brown hair has just enough natural wave in it to save the price of marcelling, and is bobbed—in fact, she was one of the first women in town to cut her hair—it is such a practical thing to do, from the stand-point not only of cleanliness, but of —what are the other arguments, anyway, my dear? She walks with brisk, firm steps, which leave no doubt in one's mind that she knows what she's going after, and she dresses carefully, continually congratulating herself on being of the average size, for that causes her to have little difficulty in getting clothes to fit her well. She prefers suits that one tailor made, and abhors French heels. Her gloves are always spotless, and her collar creaseless, and her colours harmonize well, though they are rather conservative, being for the most part brown and dark blue. She wears gray shoes and stockings in the summer-time, for they never show the dust.

"So much for Mrs. Blackett's appearance; her activities of course show even more signs of the efficiency complex, not only those relating to her home affairs,

but also to her public interests, for the woman is rather a local celebrity. In her own house, she is usually very busy, as she does not care to trust much of her work to others; when she does condescend to allow the members of the family to undertake the domestic tasks, she watches them closely, having learned the joys of superintending. One moment she is at the sink looking over her daughter's shoulder to warn her that silverware is washed best in soapy water, and then she is outside telling Mr. Blackett that she fears the nails with which he is mending the chicken-coop are too long. Enjoying the reputation of being one of the best house-keepers in town, she has a memory that is so full of 'household hints', culled from various newspapers and magazines, that her neighbors can always rely upon her for advice, whether it relates to a recipe for angel-cake, to a method of taking tea-stains out of linen, or simply to a sure way of curing some lazy husband of the smoking habit.

"When Mrs. Blackett had succeeded in getting her home affairs to run efficiently, she saw that there was much scope for her powers in other directions, and began to take an inveterate interest in community matters. She now prides herself on knowing every inch of the town, and every person therein, and takes it very much to heart when any stranger has dwelt in the city a whole week without her knowing all his history. She is a member of at least three lodges, the second vice-president of the Ladies' Aid of St. Michael's Church, and a leading light in the hospital auxiliary. She has a flair for being on committees, volunteering just as readily to water flowers on the war memorial as to collect old clothes for missionary societies. One may always be sure that she has an opinion concerning the defects in the management of any city institution, and that she is only too willing to give suggestions to officials, from the city clerk to the school-nurse. In fact, she is very daring, and does not hesitate at all in reproving the aldermen for not repairing other streets besides those which run past their own property; she even braves the anger of the editor of our little local weekly and tells him quite frankly her opinion of the way he punctuates the great majority of his editorials. All this tactlessness is excused by her under the plea that it is for 'the improvement of the community'.

"Do you understand what an efficiency complex is now?"

"Yes, thank you," I answered meekly.

H. M.

That Day

I have sought Beauty by the winter sea
    And found her lurking on a log-strewn shore,
I have pursued her phantom through the mist
    And caught her wild, sweet song, as evermore
She sang and lured me on, as well I wist
    You sang and lured me on that day—no more.

I have seen Beauty cross those lonely sands
    And glimpsed her form among the tumbling spray,
I have oft watched her riding, care-beguiled,
    Upon those dull gray clouds above the bay;
But never Beauty's glance so fair and wild
    As was your glance that stole my heart that day.

R. J. S.

Rhapsody

To a philosophical student who believed that the only way an individual might carry on existence after death was by losing himself in the eternal and immutable laws of mathematics

Soul of Euclid's choicest loves,
Lady of the heavenly light
Whose spheric orb in music moves
Where star-dust baffles human sight,
Maiden mild ineffable,
Spirit of stern equity,
Goddess of things intangible,
My spirit pants for Thee!

For here we breathe a little space
The odours of a strange delight;
We drain our cup, and then our days
Merge in the blackness of the night.

We know not where the night may lead,
But still we follow on the wind
Across the moorland and the mead
And in the darkness none may heed
His faltering fellow—being blind.

Lo, all that is, is only dust;
And dust are we that make them ours
By feverish strivings! and the years
That bring the bloom of fragile flowers
Are but a deadly, cancerous rust.

And all our loves are as the grass
New-shaken by the morning wind,
And in the noontide—lo, they pass!
And lo! there is no morning wind.

And all the things we think must be
Are but false visions and they die
And lose themselves in other things;
And each succeeding season brings
New loves, new dreams and new desires.

The worm that crawleth in the dust
Hath set his heart upon the rose
Dew-drenched upon the tree.
But ere it comes to be,
The lovely odour goes,
The lovely petal blows,
Then fades and falls the rose
And dies.——So all things must!

But Thou abidest still,
Stern goddess, everywhere.
Give us they spirit till
We pass to where
Thy soul in music moves
Among the changeless loves.

M. S. M.

From the Other Side of the Desk

AN evening's work in the Public Library—"a soft job!" someone tells me. Well, it's all a matter of opinion, of course, and if one can mix enjoyment with work, all the better. A glance at my time-table shows: "Reference Room, 6-7 p.m.; Desk, 7-9".

Accordingly, I take the "circ"—librarianese for the cards of all books in circulation for the day—and repair to the desk upstairs, where I start arranging them alphabetically.

"Alcott, Hutchison, Wells"—"Pardon me, but, er, have you—are there any books on etiquette up here?"—and an embarrassed youth explains that he wants something on formal dinners. I give him "Emily Post" and he takes it to a secluded corner, where he is still reading half an hour later.

—"Grey, Dell, Oppenheim"—"wish they hadn't picked me to do this "circ" —"Orczy, Kipling"—and so on until little piles of cards grow up for each letter.

"Where's tonight's Times?" and I am abruptly awakened from my alphabetical reverie to show an autocratic gentleman where to find his paper, while he looks down his nose at me and sniffs coldly for thanks.

On a trip downstairs for more cards, a gentle old lady stops me to ask: "Will you get me the Studio Magazine for January, 1925?" Down two flights of stairs I go, to the dusty magazine stacks, paw over a two years' pile of "Studios", puff up the stairs again and smilingly give her the book. The smile remains frozen as the G.O.L. quavers: "My dear, I meant the January, 1927, 'Home Beautiful!' "

Then, as I get settled again, up comes "Henry"—name unknown—a Scotch and fiery Socialist, who, taking a mean advantage of my sedentary occupation, pours forth tales of a revolution to take place verrry soon, the first signs of it being King Geor-r-r-ge and Queen Mar-r-r-y strrrung up to the nearest lamp-post.

The hour would not be complete without an argument—not necessarily whispered—from the ladies' table, on whether that woman should keep the "Province" any longer, and, if so, why. A little adjusting—taking one copy of the "Province" from the men's room, amid baleful glares—and everyone is happy.

At the desk downstairs I mark outgoing books. "Why can't I ever find a decent book here? I've read everything you have," says a querulous old dear. Although I grunt sympathetically as I stamp those she has, I still have the vision of her reading some fifteen thousand volumes in ten years or so. Stamping the books is not so complicated as it looks, and soon becomes mechanical—stamp! stamp! smile—"thank you"—and repeat. The next "public" is a nice man who has pulled out the book cards, ready to be marked—an unexpected pleasure!

"Where kin I find somethin' on cycle racin?' asks a somewhat grubby youth with a charming smile—

"I wanta new card—I've lost m'old one"—

"I wish to join the library"—

"Why haven't you sent the book I reserved two weeks ago?"—

Whew! With the aid of one of the other assistants, these requests and questions are attended to, and I go back to my marking, confronted by a heap of books—at least ten—and only four cards. I calculate as to which books can go on each card, while the impatient gentleman before me taps his foot on the floor wearily.

"Oh, gosh!" (an unlibrarian expression, but here used unofficially). "Oh, gosh! here comes the warbler"—and up toddles a funny little man who whistles continually under his breath and always wants books from the desk. His conversations run like this:

"Whee-whee—got any good books here—can't be bothered looking for anything—whee-whee—no, I've read that one—what? Stacpoole? Jove, he's a good writer—whee-whee—I'll take this"—and off he trots, leaving behind him a trail of notes and a breathless librarian.

Ten to nine! A hectic ten minutes, with everyone trailing out and some late-comers dashing in. Books to mark and cash to count. Oh yes! it's the life!

ALISON MacTAVISH.

The Tear

Come let us dance, Love, O my heart,
Before yon splendid moon begins to wane;
The bloom is on the grape, and on your cheeks
The bloom of Youth, that must be served in Spain.

Come let us dance, Love, O my star,
I'll twine a red rose, thus, into your hair,
I'll hang a garland, there, about your neck,
Flowers and Flower—what could be more fair!

Come let us dance, Love, O my soul,
But soft! is that a lurking tear I see?
Ah, sweetheart! by that vagrant mist I know
Tonight that I am you, and you are me.

R. J. S.

Lines Heard at a Dance

"Don't forbid your girl cigarettes and such,
If you let them smoke, they won't talk so much."

M. Mc.

* * * *

"Why these lines to me you hand,
Of course I cannot understand,
Unless you thought you would be smart,
But being funny is an art
That is not known to woman;
And being funny only can
Be accomplished by a man.
I'll say no more in this short ditty,
About man's art of being witty,
Nor herein will I discuss
Woman's sense of 'funnynus'.
Suffice it that she never can
Be as funny as a man;
Except one point she can't erase,
And that sore point is her face." G. C. D'A.

Contributions from Teachers' Class

BIOLOGY

BROKEN BITS OF BOSH

By Ology

A for Amoeba, the pride of the sea,
B for the bunk called Biology,
C for Clam and also for Chowder,
D is for Darwin, reduced to a powder.
E for Euglena, who takes a nose dive,
F for poor Froggie, he sure ain't alive,
G for the Gonads, so easy to spy,
H is for Horse and also for "high".
I for just I, who feel much abused,
J is for Jeff, who seems greatly amused,
K is for "Kollege"—twice weekly we go,
L is for Lab, the storehouse of woe.
M for the Monkeys from which a man springs,
N's for the Nucleus—heart of all things,
O for the Ocean of facts we don't know,
P Pleurococcus—on fence 'twill grow.
Q is for Queries and Questions and Quirks,
R the Results for the person who shirks,
S for the Seals, with flippers that flop,
T for the Teachers, whose tongues never stop,
U is for Ulva, to rocks fastened strong,
V Vertebrata, to which we belong,
W for Why, and Where, What and When,
X for the Xylem—it's not in our ken.
Y is for Yesterday, blissful at last,
Zooids and Polyps are things of the past.

[We hope this will not bring about another Dayton, Ohio, case.—Ed.]

N. RIGBY.

PHILOSOPHY

PURE UNADULTERATED REASONING

We are told that a certain Miss McG. sees a large smudge of red every time she sees the word "gaiety". Hereon hangs a syllogism:

All persons stepping out are those who paint the town red.

All those who paint the town red are persons who associate red with gaiety.

Therefore all persons who associate red with gaiety are persons who step out.

Miss McG. is one who associates red with gaiety.

Therefore Miss McG. is one who steps out.

It will be found, on minute examination, that the above reasoning is based upon a minor that is illicit.

But Miss McG. who is mixed up in the above scandal is a minor.

Therefore Miss McG.'s behaviour is illicit.

Q. E. D.

GEO. H. E. GREEN.

LOGIC SIMPLIFIED

Why do so many students take a course in Logic? The answer is: Because it is so simple a subject that one could hardly fail in it. Here is the proof:—

Miss C.: "Examine the validity of question number 10 on page 361."

The students read the following piece of argument:—
"Improbable events happen almost every day; but what happens almost every day is a very probable event, therefore improbable events are very probable events. [Whately.]

(Slight pause)

"Well, Mr. G, have you thought it out yet?"

Young Upstart: "It doesn't require any thinking out; the answer is so evident."

Miss C. (much surprised, the said upstart having barely scraped through at Xmas): "What do you mean?"

Young Upstart: "The answer is given at the end of the piece of argument."

Miss C. (more surprised): "What do you mean?"

Young Upstart (trying to look in a serious mood): "Please, Miss C., at the end of the question in my book it has 'What a lie'." [Whately.]

Economics

Time: 3.45 any Tuesday.

Characters: Any group from the Teachers' Economics Class.

Place: At the door of Room —, Victoria College.

With sighs of relief and "They haven't started yet", the students enter, murmur a guilty "Good afternoon" to the instructor, and seek those particular desks which custom makes them claim. Nor have they "crept like snails", for half an hour before this they were at work at Oaklands, South Park, George Jay, Sir James Douglas, or North Ward. But now that they have arrived, their part is to look very wise, as befits their years, occasionally to ask a question revealing deep thought, or to answer in a seemingly profound manner,—to do unto another that which has been done to them all day.

But mistake not our light words,—the students of the Economics Class appreciate and value the opportunity opened to them by the University and College authorities and the School Board. To several of us, this has been a return "home" to Victoria College; to all of us it has been pleasant and profitable to be connected with this institution, and a matter of envy whenever we met any of the full-time students.

Apart altogether from examination results, our time has been well spent, for we have reasoned together on many subjects, led by one who, in an unusual degree, lives up to our ideal of the teacher who not only "prepares pupils for true citizenship, but takes a lively and sympathetic interest in the affairs of his community".

TEACHERS.

Of all the vast number of football players, it is safe to say that few know that the game is over two thousand years old. This seems almost unbelievable, but it is vouched for by experts who have studied ancient games. The rules were somewhat different then to what they are now.



The Players' Club

THIS club, in celebrating its fourth anniversary, maintained the high standard set by the preceding years in choosing as its work the presentation of such an ambitious play as Sir James M. Barrie's "Dear Brutus". The following report, from the Victoria Daily Times of March 6th, expresses the opinion of all who attended the performance:

"'Dear Brutus' is a typical Barrie play, whimsical, subtle in its fantasy, veering towards the problem play in its elusiveness of meaning, pathos rubbing shoulders with comedy. Because of its complexity and the difficulties it presents even to professionals, the young players deserve the warmest congratulations for the sincerity of their effort.

"The play is Puckish in its whimsicality, and Lob, the eccentric old man who invites a number of guests, each unknown to the other, on Midsummer eve, reminds one of Puck in his methods. He inveigles his guests into a certain "Wood of the Second Chance", where they shed their every-day thoughts and habits for the illusions of "what-might-have-been". The final act shows their return to the house and their reassumption of their every-day "that-which-is".

"The cast was well chosen and each of the players merits the highest encomiums for their interpretation of the spirit of Barrie's fantasy. The Barrie atmosphere was well sustained throughout.

"The characters were as follows: Lob (an eccentric old man of unknown age), John McDonald; Matey (his butler), Reginald Mackay; Lady Caroline Laney (a would-be lady of fashion), Helen Sutherland; Mrs. Coade (Coady—a motherly old lady), Barbara Felton; Mr. Coade (her good-natured husband), Samuel Sivertz; Purdie (a philanderer), Eric Treadwell; Mabel (long-suffering wife of Purdie), Peggy Gourlay; Joanna (beloved of Purdie), Cecilia Garesche; Dearth (a gone-to-seed-artist), Wm. Robbins; Alice (his embittered wife), Betty Macmillan; Margaret (his dream-daughter), Ethelwyn Dee.

"The acting throughout was sincere and convincing, while the enunciation was excellent, reflecting the careful coaching of Mrs. Guy Goddard, who directed the production and trained the players. The play was well staged, the second act showing the wood, for which the scenery was painted by Stewart Clark, being particularly effective. Jack Shadbolt carried the important role of stage manager."

The executive, consisting of Misses Ross and McMillan, Messrs. Robbins and Tredwell, and the various committees have worked unselfishly to make this a banner year. Nor must we forget the helpful hints and tactful suggestions of our faculty advisers, Miss Cann and Madame Sanderson-Mongin, who have taken a genuine interest and to whom we are sincerely thankful.

E. TREDWELL, *Secretary.*

The Literary Society

THE completion of the 1926-27 term of the Victoria College marks a very successful year in the history of the Literary Society. The "Lit", under the capable direction of the president, Max Maynard, has played its traditional part in the social life of the academic year. The programme of the society was marked by great variety—its range of activities including addresses, debates, short plays and musical numbers.

At the opening meeting of the society, following the election of officers, a very interesting address was given by Miss Cann on her impressions of Europe. This was followed by a group of greatly-appreciated piano solos by Miss Lucille Hall.

The next meeting was featured by the presentation of two short one-act plays of Maurice Baring, following a brief outline of this dramatist's work by the chairman, Max Maynard. The plays presented, "The Drawback" and "Katherine Parr", were both amusing comedies, and the portrayal of the first by Seymour Archbold and Dave Le Page and the latter by Miss Peggy Gourlay and William Robbins, were greatly enjoyed by an appreciative audience. The musical numbers of the evening were supplied by Miss Pike, who rendered a a piano solo, and Eric Tredwell with a vocal solo.

One of the most important events of the year—the debates held with U.B.C. —was the occasion of the next Lit meeting. The subject of debate was: "Resolved, that Government ownership of railways would be in the best interests of Canada". Jack Shadbolt and Dave LePage upheld the negative in Vancouver at the same time that Reg. MacKay and Eric Tredwell were arguing here against the visitors in favor of government ownership. Both the debates were closely contested, and in each case the decision was awarded the home team. The large size of the local audience attested to the popularity of the debate, and evidently the efforts of the individual debaters were greatly appreciated. The evening was rounded off by a group of well-rendered piano solos by Miss Marion Hargreaves.

The first meeting of the spring term took the form of an illustrated lecture given by Mr. Farr, on "Water-power Development in Canada". Mr. Farr's address, besides being highly educational, was very interesting and entertaining.

The final event of the year was a debate, held at the Normal School under the joint auspices of the Normal and College Literary Societies. The affirmative of the subject: "Resolved, that concentration of industry would be in the best interests of humanity", was upheld by Max Maynard and Miss Barbara Felton. The College representatives were successful in gaining the decision over their Normal opponents.

JOHN A. McDONALD, *Secretary.*

To ——

who said he "was through with women", and that for the rest of his life he was going to devote himself to study and philosophic thought.

Once in philosophic mood
Flamed your soul like fire to Heaven,
Saw Minerva there, and cooed
To her all the even;
And looking in her lovely eyes
You felt your sluggish spirit rise—
Earthly amours riven.

"Queen of Heaven, Pearl of Women,
Who could see thy matchless grace
And to earthly loves be given
When thy face
Beaming on the inward eye
Enjoineth us to chastity
All our days?

"Lo, my spirit is on fire, Minerva,
And the fleshly bars
That fain would cage my pure desire,
Here do I fling aside.
My adoration soars,
My proud knee bends before thine austere throne,
My heart I consecrate to thee alone;
Of earthly loves I build a funeral pyre.

"While others—baser men—delight
In their Mabels and their Stellas
How I scorn their foolish plight!
Bah! they are uxorious fellas.
No small affections claim *my* lofty soul,
For thee, Minerva, have I kept it whole,
Pure and bright.

"While others follow bits of fluff
And dream of Mary's bob and shingle,
I stand aside—*I've* had enough!
'Twere better for me to be single
Than yield me to a foolish dotage
And sell my birthright for a mess of pottage.

"Within the shadow of thy shrine
I raise my fortress of salvation;
A life of high pursuits be mine,
Of well-controlled and *mild* elation.
And here, while other men go on the spree,
I'll hold my quiet communion with thee—
Sip Hippocrinean wine."

So spake you once with youthful tongue
Proclaiming loud your good intention;
But let your actions ne'er be sung,
Alas! they are not fit to mention.
A little Eve came tripping by
As sweetly as a flitting swallow;
She looked at you, and caught your eye,
And Lord! you simply had to follow.

M. S. M.

The Height of Waves

An imaginative writer, describing a rough sea, will often refer to waves "mountains high". This, of course, is ridiculous, for waves are never so high as this. The average height of waves differs in the various oceans. For instance, the highest waves seen in the Indian Ocean are about forty feet. Those in the Atlantic and Pacific range from fifteen to thirty feet. Even in the Mediterranean, waves twenty-five feet high have been observed. The most tremendous seas are those to be found south of Cape Horn and the Cape of Good Hope, where there is a belt of ocean, unbroken by land, all round the world. Even in this far-south region the height of the waves hardly ever exceeds fifty feet, and rarely reaches this figure. Even if waves do not run mountains high, they have an enormous force behind them. A thirty-five foot wave will contain thousands of tons of water, and one can realize that the hurling mass is capable of doing great damage.

Biology

Rastus: "Say, nigger, ah sho' does believe in dis heah ev'lution theory; you cert'nly looks like you 'volved from a monkey."

Brown: "Yas, sah, ah believes in dat ev'lution theory, too; an' nigger, you sho' looks like you ain't 'volved yet."

The Royal Astronomical Society of Canada

Victoria Centre

ALTHOUGH it is not directly connected with the College courses, the Royal Astronomical Society of Canada should have at the lectures given under its auspices a large attendance of students. It has a special appeal to all members of the Physics classes, for there is no better way of obtaining a complete grasp of a subject than by hearing its problems discussed from different points of view.

The meetings of the Society are held on one Tuesday in each month, at Victoria College. Professor P. H. Elliott, president of the Society, is one of the first to recommend its activities to the students. In the past three years, the Recorders at the Victoria Centre have been elected from among such students of the College as have attended the meetings in the interests of their studies; these students have found the work very interesting. The Recorder for 1924-25 was H. W. Blackett (Arts '27); 1925-26, R. M. Petrie (Arts '28); 1926-27, H. S. C. Archbold (Arts '29).

The members of the Physics classes,—unfortunately they were but few,—who have attended the lectures this year, state their conviction that it was indeed more than worth their while spending one evening a month in this way. Although the titles of some of the lectures given do not seem to show any close bearing upon College work, these students found that the substance of the lectures contained much that was of value to a further understanding of physical phenomena.

The Society, which at present has a membership of eighty, affords to the people of Victoria an opportunity, which apparently they have not yet realized, of gaining a general knowledge of what is going on in scientific fields, and a chance to keep "up-to-date" in the highways and by-paths leading to them. For example, we have, besides members of the staff of one of the biggest and best equipped observatories in the world, distinguished visiting scientists and men best informed in the latest developments, to lecture to us in an interesting and instructive, non-technical manner, upon happenings past and present, in the heavens, the atmosphere, and the earth.

All the lectures are well illustrated by excellent lantern-slides. Amongst the lecturers this season, have been:

Dr. G. M. Shrum, Department of Physics, U.B.C.—"Some fundamental Concepts of the Atom."

Dr. D. Buchanan, Department of Mathematics, U.B.C.—"Rejuvenation of the Stars."

J. E. Pearce, Dominion Astrophysical Observatory—"Unsolved Mysteries of the Solar System."

H. H. Plasket, Dominion Astrophysical Observatory—"The Nebulae."

Rev. J. C. Goodfellow—"Sir Isaac Newton, His Life and Work."

Dr. J. S. Plaskett, Dominion Astrophysical Observatory—"Star-Clusters."

A cordial invitation is extended by the Society to all those students who are interested in such subjects as the above and who would like to take this opportunity of spreading further afield in their study of Physics and Chemistry; and not only to these, but to those who would like to have an occasional instructive evening of real pleasure.

H. S. C. ARCHBOLD, *Recording Secretary.*



— TEAM — CAPTAINS



D.S. Watson

Sports

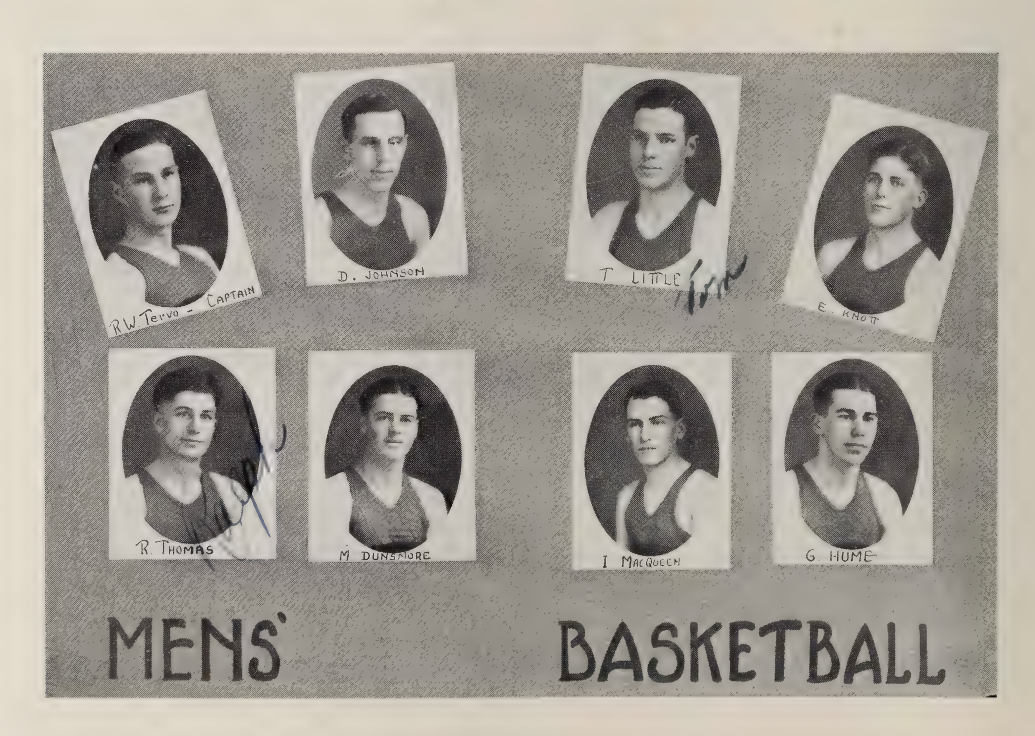
Men's Basketball

The Men's Basketball team was entered in the Intermediate "A" section of the city league, the following being registered as players:—*Forwards,* Knott, MacQueen, Dunsmore, Tervo; *centre,* Thomas; *guards,* Hume, Little, Johnson.

This team completed its schedule without losing a game, thereby earning the right to meet the "Greys", winners of the Intermediate section of the Sunday School League. This game, which was played on March 2nd, in the Y.M.C.A. gymnasium, resulted in a 24-14 win for College. Our team then journeyed to Nanaimo in quest of the Island title. "Timberlands", having won the up-Island championship, were our opponents on this occasion. After a hard struggle, College came out on top by a score of 27-23. This gave our boys the privilege of playing Vancouver, on April 9th, in the final for the B.C. championship.

During the past season, in exhibition games, College has defeated the following teams:—Victoria High School, Normal School, Sooke, Andreans and C. P. S. seniors.

To date, our five has lost but two games, one to Jordan River seniors and the other to Varsity in Vancouver. The latter defeat is somewhat offset by the fact that College won the first game of the home-and-home series with the boys from U.B.C.



Women's Basketball

This year has not been as successful for the College team as we might have wished. Many close and exciting games were played during the year—the College generally on the short end of the score. Two very close games in particular were played; one with the Normal School and the other with the Comates, city league champions. In these games our opponents came out victorious, after hard struggles, by the close scores of 10-9 and 19-17 respectively. We were successful in decisively trimming the Y.W.C.A ladies, twice.

The Senior B women of U.B.C. administered defeat to the College by scores of 13-11 and 20-12.

Although the College did not always win, they always played their best and caused much worry to their opponents. The team was handicapped greatly through loss, by injuries, of two of their star performers, B. McGauley and D. Cruichshank.

The team take this opportunity of thanking Mr. Tom Little, who spent much of his time and energy in coaching the team.

The following have represented College at different times during the past year:—C. Dobbin, M. Welch, B. McGauley, D. Cruickshank, B. MacMillan, G. Hill, H. Copeland, H. Styan, K. Wootton and I. Worthington (Capt.).



WOMEN'S BASKETBALL TEAM



RUGBY TEAM

Rugby

The Rugby team has had, this year, the most successful season since the game was started at the College. Their success was due, not only to luck, but also to their willingness to work and to the spirit with which they played. Sportsmanship was one of the prominent features of the team's playing and they are now recognized as one of the "cleanest" teams in the league.

The support accorded to Rugby by the students was of the best, and it is due, in no small measure, to that factor that the team were so enthusiastic over winning their games. If that hearty support be given to the game every year, the teams at the College are bound to improve.

The record of the team is well known to the students and there is little need of reminding them of the games won and lost. During the first half of the schedule, the team obtained a total of eleven points out of a possible twelve. It was during this half that the team played its full strength, while in the second half they were in poor luck, playing at full strength in only a few games. The second half of the league, however, showed that there was a fighting spirit in the team which caused them to play well under the most trying circumstances.

Our games with Varsity were rather peculiar for, although the College showed that they were, without doubt, the better team, in each case they were unable to win either game.

There is much which could be said of every player on the team, but there was little or none to choose between the eighteen-odd players which composed the personnel of the team, because they all did their best.

We could not close this short account of the team's activities without mentioning the name of our coach and friend, Mr. Shaw, familiarly known as John. The College owes much to him and certainly appreciate the time and labor he spent to make the team what it is.

Soccer

This year, College has been graced with many clever exponents of Association football. Unfortunately several of the players are also ardent Rugbyists, and as the only convenient days for matches fell on the dates of important Rugby practices, our team suffered not inconsiderably through lack of some of its best men. In spite of this a number of close games have taken place between our boys and Oak Bay High School, and Victoria High.

The drawing-card of the year was during the Varsity invasion, when we met U.B.C. second eleven at Athletic Park. This was a ding-dong encounter from the beginning to the final whistle. On the whole our players were more brilliant individually than Varsity, although they, through knowledge of each others play, exhibited superior teamwork. Rose was perhaps our best forward and was closely seconded by Stafford. Player, in goal, is to be commended also.



SOCCER TEAM

We luckily left the field winners, by virtue of Bill Mearns' fine goal in the early part of the first half, and Stafford's score was on a high drive, a little later. Varsity could counter only once, the game ending 2-1 in our favor.

When we met Varsity in the return match, during our annual week-end in Vancouver, we suffered a severe trouncing. Their forwards ran in no fewer than four goals, and try as it might, our team could not break into the scoring column at all. Our men were lamentably weak in front of goal, although in mid-field play they were individually cleverer than the opposing side. Again Phil Rose was our shining forward, and it was a pity that his openings were so wasted by the rest of the line. The inability of our backs to hold the Varsity sharpshooters brought Player under a heavy bombardment, but he guarded his citadel like any warrior, and the four he did miss had "goal" written all over them from the time they left the forward's foot until our net-custodian dolefully fished the ball from the back of the net.

There is no doubt that, had we had more opportunity for practice this year, College would have developed a first-class team. However, we have the consolation that, despite our ups and downs, we still know how to receive victory and defeat in a graceful manner. That is enough.

Boxing

For the first time in the history of this institution, Victoria College has been represented by a boxing team. We realize that this will afford a precedent and hope that this splendid exercise will be continued and become a major item of the annual Invasion.

Golf

For the first time in the annals of this institution, the ancient game of golf has occupied a place in sport activities.

The golf team has proved successful in both encounters with the U.B.C. divot-diggers. The Varsity invaders suffered defeat at the hands of our team, which carried off the honors by winning all of the three four-ball matches.

During the Vancouver invasion our mashie-wielders again upheld the honor of the College, gaining a victory over the Varsity players by winning two of the three matches. Those who formed the teams were R. Moore, G. Terry, S. Brynjolfson, Mr. H. H. Smith, B. Fisher, L. Backler and F. Bonnell.

Although golf did not attract as much attention as some of the major sports, we have made a successful start and created a foundation upon which those who follow may build.

Grass Hockey

The girls' Grass Hockey team of 1926-27 has had a very successful season. The important games were against Varsity, which, on the total score of games, we won: U.B.C., 4; V.C., 5.

This game was played on the V.H.S. grounds, Saturday, January 8th, 1927, when Varsity was over here on their annual Invasion, but, due to the splendid effort of the College girls, they were unable to take home the honors in grass hockey. Special mention is made of the playing of Margaret Ross, Mary Lewis (one goal), and Ruth Walcot (two goals). Miss Rice, of V.H.S., was an excellent referee and we take this opportunity of thanking her. U.B.C., 1; V.C., 3.

The girls were not so successful in Vancouver when they played U.B.C. on February 5th, at Kitsilano grounds. Varsity fielded a practically new team, while, due to a misunderstanding, College played one short. Our backs could not check the opposing wings, who frequently broke through to score. Mary Welch, playing in fine form, was responsible for all College's goals, while Tibby Wootton, Hilda Styan and Mildred Philipson all played excellent hockey. U.B.C., 3; V.C., 2.

College played several friendly matches with V.H.S. and O.B.H.S., and in almost every game were victorious.

The team's line-up was:—Mary Welch, capt. (centre forward), Ruth Walcot (right inside), Hilda Styan (right wing), Mary Lewis (left inside), Gwen Cowper (left wing), Tibby Wootton (right half-back), Angela Vooght (centre half-back), Mildred Philipson (left half-back), Margaret Ross (right full-back), Doris Rines (left full-back), Betty Allan (goal), and Christina Dobbin, Sheila Armstrong, Babs Garesche—not forgetting our linesmen, Mac and Archie.



GRASS HOCKEY TEAM



A Word from the Business Board

AS a general rule the Business Management of the Victoria College Annual has resembled the well-behaved child in that quality of being seen but not heard. However, it seems particularly appropriate this year to permit the Business Board to overstep this convention, because no clear-cut division of work has been made between that of our Board and that of our Literary associates.

We are pleased to announce that, from a financial point of view, our Annual promises to fulfill our expectations. We decided this year to increase the size of the magazine and at the same time keep subscription rates as low as possible. This proved no easy task, for we found it necessary to increase our advertising section considerably.

If this year's issue proves the success we hope it will, credit must be given to three parties who probably would escape conscious consideration.

As we have suggested above, the work of the Literary and Business Departments has been largely inter-related. We are deeply grateful to the members of the Editorial Committee for their assistance in our advertisement campaign.

Then again we are especially indebted to the Business men of Victoria for their whole-hearted support. We best can show our gratitude by giving them the preference when buying. *Read* the "ads"! Find out who are supporting our magazine! Then return the compliment!

Sometimes credit goes where it is most deserved; generally not! We feel it necessary to express our appreciation to the Acme Press for the excellence of the printing and the efficient, courteous assistance rendered. At times their patience must have been sorely tried, but their suggestions and helpful criticisms were gladly offered. In short, they take a keen interest in the Annual!

To the Faculty and Student Body of the Victoria College we are grateful for their support and co-operation.

Social Activities

"DAY by day in every way we enjoy ourselves better and better." From the beginning of the session last September, up to the present time the social activities could not, under any circumstances, have been more successful. Much of this success is due to the co-operation given us by the members of the Faculty, and especially by Madame Sanderson-Mongin, to whom the various committees wish to extend their hearty thanks.

The first social event of the year was that dread and mysterious ceremony, which the members of Arts '30 anticipated with no small degree of trepidation, "Initiation". Freshmen and Freshettes, fettered with fly-papers and resplendent in paint, were duly admitted to their Alma Mater. After a general "clean-up" [How do you interpret this, Freshmen?—Ed.] a delightful dance was enjoyed by Freshmen, Sophomores and many ex-students. Some of the Sophomores declare that this was the most successful event of the year.

A large number of students and friends revelled at the Hallow-e'en masquerade. The costumes were many and varied, types of practically every nationality being represented.

Next on the programme came the Parents' Reception, the annual occasion when the students are given an opportunity to introduce their parents to the members of the Faculty and to their friends. After a tour of inspection of the College had been made, a delightful supper was served, followed by an informal dance. Madame Sanderson-Mongin and committee are to be congratulated on the beautiful decorations of the rooms and the very successful arrangements for the evening.

In order to raise the standard of living from that of a fortnight of examinations to the festive exuberance of Christmastide, a closing dance was given, attended, unfortunately, by an enterprising few, for the majority of the students were in bed with the 'flu.

Meanwhile, preparations were being made for the U.B.C. invaders, who arrived in the first week of January. The two dances given in their honor were, in every respect, all that could be wished for. Great credit is due to Professor Elliott and the Students' Council for the success of the invasion.

The return invasion was made in February. Accompanied by Miss Cann and Mr. H. H. Smith, nearly one hundred and twenty students, sporting bowler hats and blue and gold ribbons, left here on Friday afternoon, February the 4th, and returned Sunday night, tired, but happy.

The last big social event of the season was the Annual Ball, held at the Alexandra House on February the 19th. Charlie Hunt and his orchestra kept everyone in high spirits, even when the "first sitting" people spent half an hour too long over the supper. Great tribute must be paid to Madame Sanderson-Mongin and committee for the splendid arrangement of the programme. Special mention must be made of the decorations, which this year included six very interesting posters, drawn by talented members of the student body.

We must mention also the success of the Play and the banquet given in honor of our athletic teams on April the 1st; and last, but not least, looking beyond the examinations, the Sophomores are expecting a wonderful time at the closing dance to be given by the Freshmen.



FIRST YEAR STUDENTS

Arts '30

Women

Andrews, Jennie L.
Archer, Elizabeth V.
Ballou, Esther A.
Brown, Doris A.
Brown, Florence I.
Brown, Kathleen M.
Campbell, Mary E.
Clark, Marjorie A.
Clark, Mary E.
Copeland, Hilda M.
Cowper, Gwenllyian E.
Coxworth, Alice M.
Cullum, Mary
Dane, Kathryn
Dixon, Dorothy W.
Drummond, Jennie P.
Fleming, Rena Y.
Fletcher, Margaret G.
Flick, Dorothy V.
Godfrey, Caroline B.
Green, Edith
Greenidge, Elsie M.
Heaney, Eleanor L.
Henderson, Ena M.
Henderson, Helen
Holloway, Violet E.
Holyoake, Mabel I.
Jones, Elizabeth
Keevil, Winifred E.
Lang, Gwendolyn
LeRoy, Florence H.
Lewis, Mary L.
Lightbody, Margaret T.
Luxton, Elizabeth M.
McGauley, Belle K.
McIntyre, Margaret A.
McLean, Elva P.
Margison, Dorothy L.
Miller, Margaret J.
Mills, Audrey S.
Mitchell, Laura R.
Mitchell, Yrma Z.
Munro, Marjory H.
Peatt, Margaret E.
Pettman, Mary M.
Philipsen, Mildred F.
Richards, Flora L.
Rines, Doris
Robinson, Beatrice M.
Robinson, Margaret
Ross, Margaret
Scott, Marie E.
Scott, Mary E.
Scroggie, Katherine M.
Shandley, Vida E.
Slimming, Elizabeth M.
Speed, Marjorie E.
Styan, Hilda K.
Taylor, Olive E.
Travis, Jean M.
Vincent, Clara
Vooght, Bernice A.
Waites, Marjorie E.
Walcot, Ruth E.
Watson, Annie G.
Welch, Mary C.
Wilkerson, Louise M.
Wilkin, Ruby
Wilson, Constance
Wootton, Kathleen V.
Wright, Fannie E.

Men

Backler, Leonard
Bapty, Harry
Bell, Claude O.
Bonnell, Frederick H.
Breckenridge, David E.
Brynjolfson, Stephen
Burnett, Richard M.
Carey, Davis M.
Caverhill, Mervyn R.
Child, F. Jack
Cox, Stuart W.
Crawford, Harold W.
D'Arcy, Geoffrey C.
Davies, Francis R.
Davis, Ralph
Dawley, George E.
Dunsmore, Joseph M.
Easton, Anthony
Easton, Montague W.
Gaitskell, Charles D.
Golby, Humphrey W.
Guy, Robert D.
Halet, Robert A.
Hartley, Basil S.
Hume, Frank G.
Johnson, John D.
Kitley, Philip J.
Knott, Eldon H.
Locke, Lionel H.
Lyons, John L.
McIlmoyl, Charles G.
MacKay, Dean R.
MacLaurin, Donald J.
Macmurchie, Donald L.
McNeill, Neil M.
MacQueen, Ian C.
Maddaford, Harry J.
Mearns, William C.
Miller, Richard A.
Moore, Richard L.
Morrison, Clifford J.
Nesbitt, Michael C.
Plant, John L.
Player, Elliot G.
Reid, Howard D.
Rendle, Clarence
Robbins, William
Robertson, Douglas G.
Rogers, Joseph V.
Rumball, Percy J.
Scott, S. Dacre
Sivertz, Sam
Service, Ronald G.
Smith, Douglas C.
Smith, Harry A.
Smith, James
Spence, Ian
Stafford, David E.
Stott, Arthur
Terry, Goldwin M.
Tervo, Randolph W.
Tobin, Brian A.
Tredwell, Eric A.
Walker, Maurice
Wallace, John G.
Watson, Donald S.
West, Henry A.
Wilson, Roger
Wood, Wellesley A.

Chimes

A serious question has been put before the psychological world lately: "Does an incubator chicken love its mother?"

* * * *

Do right and fear no man; don't write and fear no woman.

Woman would be more charming if one could fall into her arms without falling into her hands.

* * * *

?

The more you study,
The more you know;
The more you know
The more you forget;
The more you forget
The less you know,
So why study?

The less you study
The less you know;
The less you know
The less you forget;
The less you forget
The more you know,
So why study?

* * * *

His "Pet" Joke

She:—"Don't give me any more of your lip."
He:—"All right, that's enough of your cheek."

* * * *

"There goes another pupil," sighed the professor, as his glass eye rolled down the sink.

* * * *

Cheerio! Remember the tea-kettle—up to its neck in water and yet it sings.

* * * *

A glass of good champagne is the best preventive of sea-sickness, but it is safer still to stick to port.

* * * *

"What is home without a baby?" asks a writer.

"Comparatively quiet."

* * * *

The new Italian aerial police are all picked men, destined to rise to great heights.

* * * *

A dentist has written a revue. It ought to be unnecessary for any gagging to be done by the comedian.

* * * *

If we had women-firemen in these days, every man would run to see them arrange their hose.

An Appreciation
and
An Appeal

IN producing this issue of the Victoria College Annual, the Committee in charge acknowledge valuable assistance from many quarters, and they are not unmindful of their special obligation to the merchants and tradesmen of Victoria who have purchased advertising space, thereby supplying a considerable part of the finances necessary in making this publication possible. We are sure the student body as a whole also recognize this obligation, and will show their appreciation in a tangible way by favoring these advertisers with their personal patronage and commendation among their friends.

Those who advertise consider money thus expended in the nature of an investment, and it is our duty to see that they receive proper return. By mentioning the College Annual when making purchases, the connection between the merchants and the student body is strengthened, and the way is made easy to seek their patronage in succeeding years.

Mixed Time

Teacher: "How can you tell the approach of winter?"

Pupil: "It begins to get later earlier."

* * *

His Lucky Night

Rastus was sporting proudly a new shirt, when a friend asked: "How many yards does it take for a shirt like that?"

Rastus replied: "I got three shirts like this out of one yard last night."

* * *

Wide Breach

Judge: "Have you got good grounds against this man for your breach of promise suit?"

Liza: "'Deed Ah has! Ah promised mahself to marry dat man, an' he ain't nevah asked me to."

Teacher (seeking to point out the wickedness of stealing): "Now, if I were to put my hand in someone's pocket and take out the money in it, what would I be?"

Tommy: "Please, Miss, you'd be his wife."

* * *

"There are many legends connected with this old inn. Yonder tankard, for instance—"

"I am not interested in tankards," said the guest. "Tell me the legend connected with this antique fowl you have served me."

* * *

There was a young lady who
said,
"The 'trousers' I'll wear when
I'm wed,"
But I'm sorry to say,
She's an old maid today,
And "pants" for a husband
instead.

Grabbing a Bargain

An ancient car chugged painfully up to the gates of the races. The gatekeeper, demanding the usual fee for automobiles called, "A dollar for the car!"

The owner looked up with a pathetic smile of relief. "Sold," he said.

* * *

Easy

Nephew: "Uncle, what's the best way to find out what she thinks of me?"

Uncle: "Marry her, my boy."

* * *

A Prompt Moral

Heckler (to orator): "Hi, Guv'nor, do you support early closing?"

Orator: "Certainly I do, my friend."

Heckler: "Then shut up!"

Come to the Point

"David, ver are my glasses?"
"On your nose, fadder."
"Don't be so indefinite."

* * *

Something Left Out

Vulgar Customer (disgustedly): "Hi, waiter(what d'you call this stuff?"

Waiter: "That ver' good soup, Creme Reine."

Vulgar Customer: "I can taste the rain all right, but the cook's forgot the cream."

* * *

Careless of Her!

Young Lady (after violent dance): "There! My heel's gone! That's done for me for this evening."

Youth: "Oh, bother! Don't you carry spare parts?"

A preacher in Ohio once came forward with the declaration that Satan was not mentioned in the Old Testament.

"Well, what of it?" asked some one of a friend who had told him of this statement.

"He claims," continued the other, with reference to the preacher, "that, as there is no mention of the devil in the Old Testament, there can not be a devil."

"That's no proof," said the friend. "The Old Testament does not mention the Ohio Legislature, but there is one."

* * *

A young coon who just knew his biz,
Tried to kiss an acquaintance of his.
Said she: "Dat can't be,
'Less you's stronger dan me;
But, Honey, ah reckons you is!"

The Majority Model

"Yes, my friends," said the theological lecturer, "some admire Moses, who instituted the old law; some, Paul, who spread the new. But after all, which character in the Bible has had the largest following?" As he paused, a voice from the back bench shouted: "Ananias!"

* * *

They All Do

Mr. Bacon: "Did you hear those measly roosters crowing this morning early?"

Mrs. Bacon: "Yes, dear."

Mr. Bacon: "I wonder what on earth they want to do that for?"

Mrs. Bacon: "Why, don't you remember, dear, you got up one morning early, and you crowed about it for a week?"

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for College Men

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Thomas was not a prime favorite with his rich uncle. In vain did he try to impress him, but the old man was not easily impressed.

One evening the young man went to his uncle's home for a call, and in the course of conversation asked:

"Uncle, don't you think it would be foolish for me to marry a girl who was intellectually my inferior?"

"Worse than foolish, Thomas," was the reply. "Worse than foolish—impossible."

* * *

She: "Now, what are you stopping for?"

He (as car comes to halt): "I've lost my bearings."

She: "Well, at least you are original. Most fellows run out of gas!"

A bride walked briskly into a grocery store, and asked for a couple of good egg-plants. As the grocer was wrapping them up, she asked, "How deep should these be planted to get the best results?"

"Planted?" said the astonished grocer. "You're not going to plant them, are you?"

"Yes," replied the bride. "My husband won't eat any but strictly fresh eggs, and the stores are so unreliable, I have decided to raise my own."

* * *

Somebody Fooled

Camey: "Ye're a hard worker, Dooley. How many hods o' that morther have yez carried up that laddher th' day?"

Dooley: "Whist, man — I'm foolin' the boss; I've carried this same hodful up an' down all day, an' he thinks I'm worrukin'!"

The FORESTS *of* British Columbia

are the mainspring of her *prosperity* and the basis of her *scenic charm.*

Looked at from either angle, the strictly practical or the purely aesthetic, British Columbia would be a much less attractive place to live in but for her immense forests.

These forests, and the benefits derived from them may be made perpetual, and the essential factor in this is to protect them from the ravages of FIRE.

□ □

Prevent Forest Fires!
You Can Help!

Capacity Unlimited

An "eating competition" was organized in a mining town in the north of England. One competitor, a giant collier, six feet in height and broad in proportion, succeeded in disposing of a leg of mutton, a plentiful supply of vegetables and a plum pudding, washed down with copious draughts of ale. He was unanimously declared the winner, and was being triumphantly escorted home, when he turned to his admirers and said:

"Eh, lads, say don't hee say nowt of this to my old woman, or she won't gie me no dinner!"

* * *

He told her the old, old story,
Till she to believe him grew,
And married the man, and after
that
Most any old story would do.

Agreed

A bank takes on a number of young men during the summer. On their salary receipts is printed a legend something like this:

"Your salary is your personal business—a confidential matter—and should not be disclosed to anybody else."

One of the new boys, in signing this receipt, added:

"I won't mention it to anybody. I'm just as much ashamed of it as you are."

* * *

Tactful Dimensions

The outspoken modern girl went to order a hammock. "About what size, miss?" asked the assistant. "Big enough for one, but strong enough for two," she answered, without turning a hair.

There was a young woman
named Florence,
Who for kissing professed great
abhorrence;
But when she'd been kissed,
And found what she'd missed,
She cried till the tears came in
torrents.

* * *

Mitzi: "I heard that guy you were out with last night is awfully stingy."

Fritzi: "Stingy? Dearie, if he'd 'a' bought me a bag of peanuts I'd 'a' got shell shock!"

* * *

Any girl can be gay in a nice
coupe:
In a taxi they all can be jolly:
But the girl worth while is the
girl who will smile
When you're taking her home
in a trolley.

Autographs

▼

Autographs

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